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WE'RE BACK
CRANKIN' IT UP & MORE BITCHIN' THAN EVER!

OUTRAGEOUS FLICKS OF NEW ORLEANS' SKINSATIONAL TATTOO CONVENTION

BIKE WEEK'S BIGGEST-BOOBED BARTENDER BARES ALL FOR THE BROS!

HALF-CAFF, HALF-GLIDE—RIDE THE PURPLE CARIB CRUISER THAT'S KNOCKIN' 'EM DEAD IN PUERTO RICO

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COVERGIRL
MARILYN CHAMBERS
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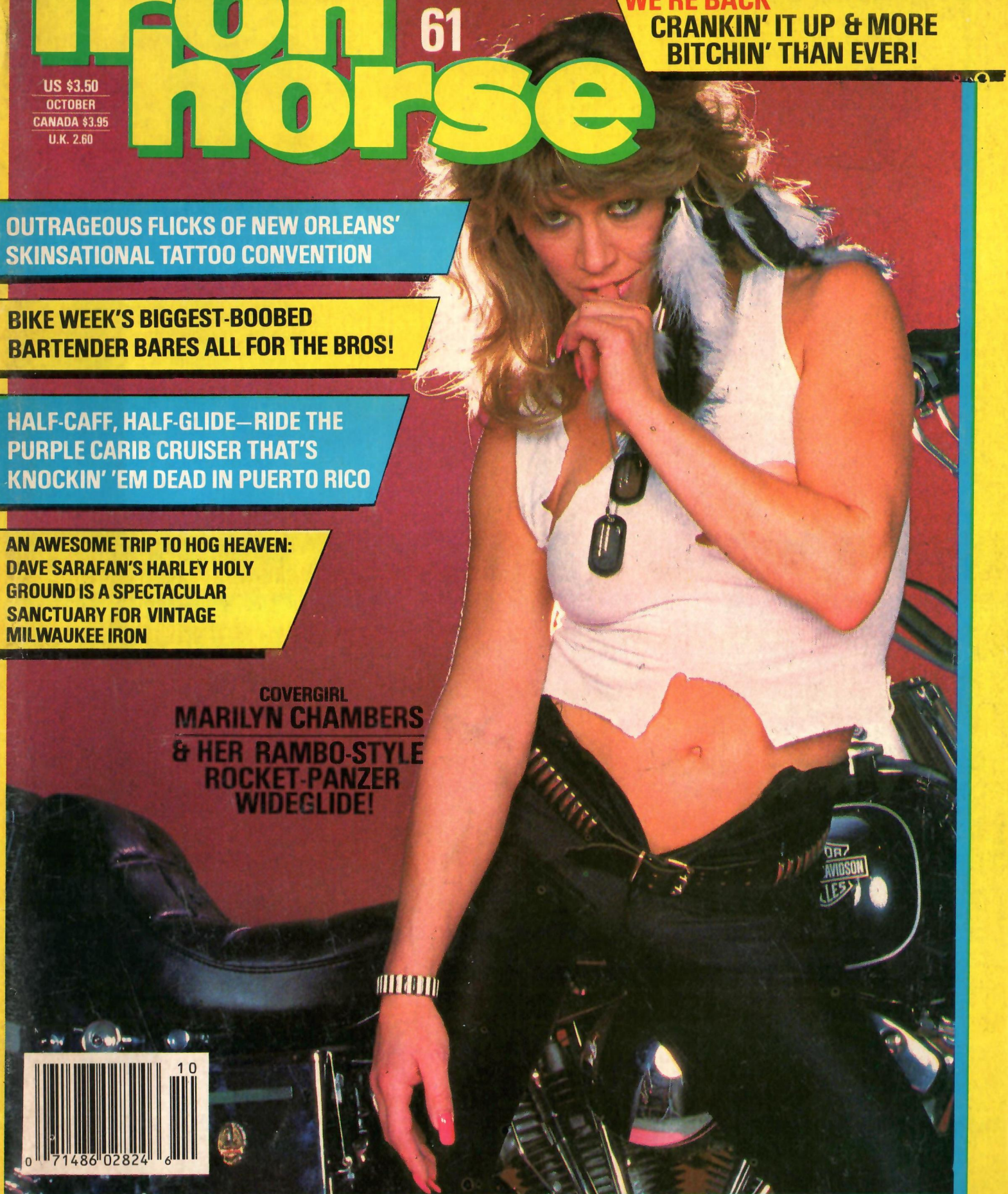

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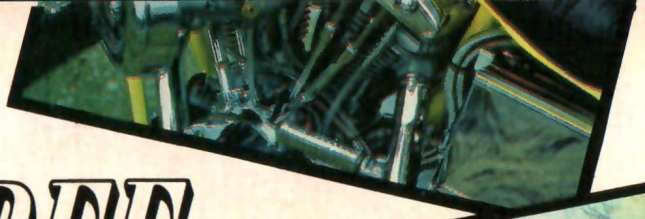

RUNNIN' FREE RENDEZVOUS!

GET YER SHIT TOGETHER AND SEND US YER RAISIN-PIE FLICKS

SAVE THE GARBAGE FER THE OTHER RAGS

A coupla times a year we pick out the best flicks our readers have sent us and print em up in a RUNNIN' FREE SPECIAL EDITION. We appreciate all the stuff ya send in, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. What we want is good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35 mm or 2¼ X 2¼)—nothin else.

Whether it's a bro an his ol lady puttin down the highway or the hellacious good times of a biker bash or the leg-wettin sight of a splittail splittin tail—we wanna look at em all. But only the best will do.

Be sure to write yer name and address on each print or slide you send. And oh, yeah—we now pay $20 for each b&w we use and $35 for the color stuff.

Send us yer best: IRON HORSE, RUNNIN' FREE SPECIAL EDITION, P.O. **Box 1316** New York, NY 10116.

NOTE: All prints and slides must be individually identified with yer name and address. We'll try ta get yer stuff back to ya, but we don't guarantee nothin, so if ya want us to try, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with yer flicks.

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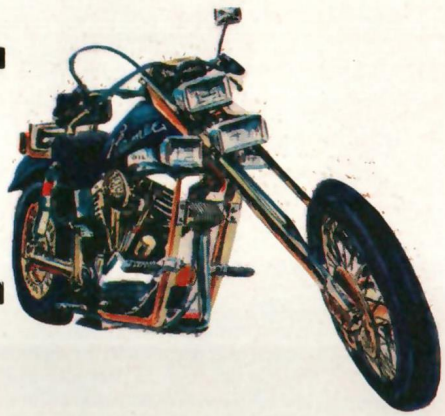

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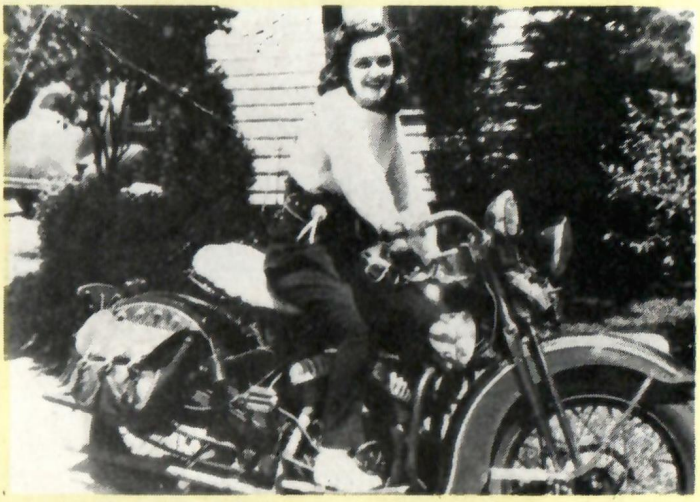
Back Talk

Please send your letters, complaints, praises or just raw cash to: Iron Horse, 300 West 43d Street, New York, NY 10036

Nice Tats

☐ My name is Marty Tatts and I live in Florida. I have been tattooing for about five years. I've always had a talent for drawing, and am pretty much self taught as far as tattooing goes. I've sent these slides in to see if you might print them — maybe someone out there will get off on them. — *Marty, Orlando, FL*



Hi Mom

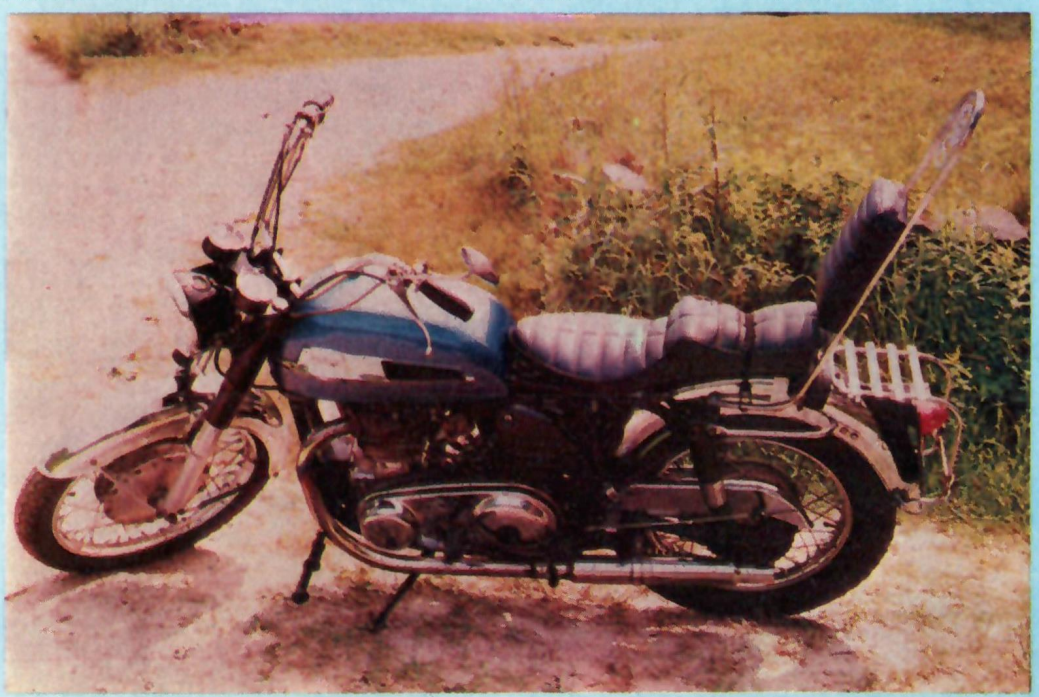
☐ I am sending you a picture of my mother (Geri Thomas) and if you can manage it, I'd really like to see her in Iron Horse. — *Tom Gallagher, Bergenfield, NJ*
Is she still ridin? — Ed.

Join or Die!

☐ NEW MEXICO BIKERS: An ABATE chapter is in the process of being formed in this state.

The primary reason for its formation is two-fold: to promote public awareness programs and other proposals designed to prevent fatal or injury accidents; and to keep our legislature informed and aware of our feelings about any bill that might be unfair or discriminatory towards motoricyclists.

Individuals in this state who were ABATE members in other states and would like to assist in getting this chapter off the ground, especially if you held office, please drop me a line. Anyone who feels they have something to contribute in setting this chapter up, or just wants to support us and know that someone is working on your behalf, no matter what you ride, please drop me a card. Remember, We Ride—We Decide!—*ABATE of New Mexico, c/o Bob Lawrence, 4285 Hill Dr. SE, Albuquerque, NM 87116*



Right Arm, Norton

☐ I don't really expect this pic will make it in print in your rag, but I dare ya.

It's a 1967 Norton Atlas 750, and she's my right arm. I take care of her—she takes care of me. However, the only thing I've ever seen that can compare with her is a Harley. She's gettin so old that I might have to break down and get one of them damn Harleys sooner or later. Keep the sunny side up, bros!—*Elton, Canaan, NH*

Fallen Sister

☐ Will you please print this for our sister, Gerry, who was killed by another left hand turning cager. He just couldn't wait to get into Taco Bell. We would really appreciate it. She was a great lady. — *Wild Sue Hawthoorne, CA*

FROM YOUR SISTER

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there, I do not sleep
I am a thousand winds that blow
I am the diamond glints on snow
I am the sunlight on ripened grain
I am the gentle autumn's raid
When yo waken in the mornings hust
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet bird in circled flight
I am the soft star that shines at night
Do not stand at my grave and cry
I am not there—I did not die

In memory of Gerry Lynn Lopez, loving wife of Lenny and friend of all. Passed from this world March 15, 1986.

ARE YA GETTIN' ANY AT HOME?

If ya ain't, ya might think about investin in a sub to the rag. Waddafuck for?

10 PRETTY FAIR REASONS TO SUBSCRIBE

1. It's snowin, sleetin, rainin outside. Let the postman bust his hump on the slick roads.
2. Yer in the slam.
3. Yer goin to the slam.
4. Yer paper-trainin the dobie.
5. It's too much trouble to remember to buy the rag every month.
6. Ya got better things ta do than look fer the rag.
7. Ya can't talk. Or don wanna.
8. Ya wanna save some bucks off the newsstand price.
9. Ya'd rather fuck than buy a goddamned magazine.
10. Some other stuff

So subscribe to IRON HORSE and leave the rest to us. That way you'll be sure not to miss a single issue — each one filled with spittails flashin, righteous iron roarin and more flicks of you'all partyin than any other rag around.

IRON HORSE — The damnest scooter sheet ya ever seen.

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Check one: ☐ $37.00 for 12 issues (Save more than 10%)

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do ya own a bike? Make _____ Is it chopped? _____

(Please print yer name and address to avoid errors).

Pretty Tasty

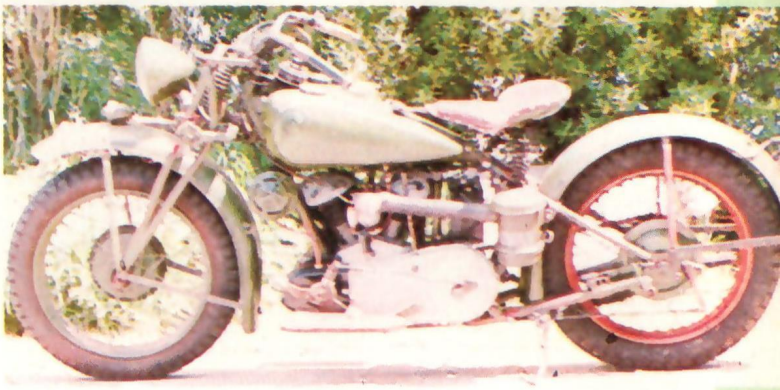
☐ I was pleased to see my picture taking up the whole top half of page 62 in your April '86 issue. And thanks for the compliments!

If you like that one, maybe you will also like the enclosed slide. I won't get my hopes up to see it printed also, but my ol' man thought it was pretty tasty. — *Lana, Arlington, TX*

Nice Pair

☐ You guys are always askin for flicks of overseas rides, so I've decided to send a couple of my own. It's my MKIII Norton and my mate's '42 Indian. I've rebuilt mine from a near write-off, and my mate's Indian has just had complete engine rebuild.

I don't know if you'll print them or not, but me and my mate would be as proud as hell to see our rides in your rag, so here's hoping. Keep up the good work—*Julian Wainwright, Auckland, New Zealand*



We Like 'Em

☐ Here are two pictures of my bikes. If you like them, maybe you'll put them in your magazine. If not, thanks anyway.—*Trick, Stamford, CT*

Dane, Not Dobie

☐ I'm writing in reference to the June '86 issue, page 60, the article called "Tucson Trike". The bike and the article are great, but the dog "Bobo" you refer to as a dobie. Wrong! The dog is obviously a Great Dane. It is an insult to the Great Dane breed to be mistaken for a wimpy, skimpy dobie. If you see these two breeds side by side, you'll see that a Great Dane is a much larger, more majestic dog, as is the one in the article. There's no argument that a Great Dane is more massive than a dobie.

The story on page 76, "Shootin' the Breeze" was outstanding! 'Bout time! It was refreshing to read a different point of view. Although I wouldn't split like that, I know all of us (men and women) do dream of just such an escape. Some have no cares or responsibilities, but for those of us that do ride and hold down steady jobs, the dream is always there to leave it all behind.

Thanks for a great mag and please keep up the open minded stories and great bike features! — *Ann Jackson, East Point, GA*

Class Jugs

☐ Hey, WAY TO GO BROS! I was reading an NYC newspaper recently, and came across an article on your #1 Year Book covergirl, Monique St. Croix. Seems she just landed a straight, for real, honest to god acting job with some big company. You guys are getting some class women. I just KNEW she had class jugs! — *C.J. Cottone, Mount Morris, NY*

Yeah, not only that, but she was also picked up by Penthouse and was their April '86 centerfold, but us bikers found her first—Ed.

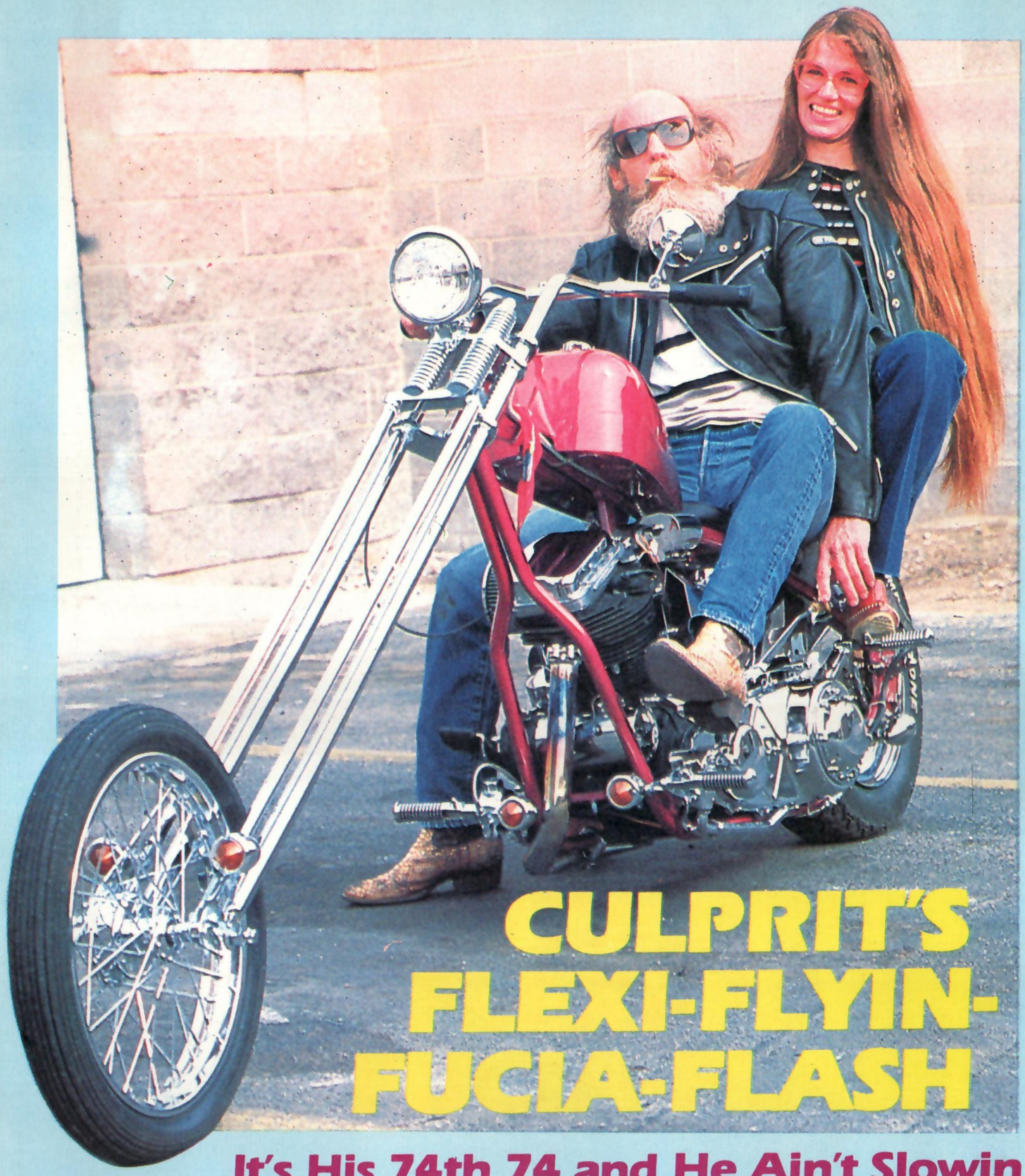
First Hog

☐ By the end of summer, or probably late fall I'll be ready to purchase my first Harley-Davidson. I figure by then there will be about 3200 bucks in my savings account, and I want to know if it'd be better for me to buy a used Harley or use this money to invest in a new one?

I'm 6'2" tall and weigh 280 lbs., and have 33 inch legs. I want to purchase a motorcycle that will accomadate my weight and give me plenty of leg room.—*Troy Muza, Warrensburg, NY*

Don't get a Sportster. If you want a new Hog, go for a Softtail or a left over Wide Glide—$3200 would be a pretty good down payment, but you'd still owe at least $6000 on a $9000 bike.

If you go the custom route, you could build yourself a pretty good bike if you were frugal and knew what you were doing. A used late model Hog will probably cost a bit more than $3200, but with an older one, say a Pan, you can luck into some great deals. Keep your eyes' open and scout the classified, it's really worth your time.—Ed.



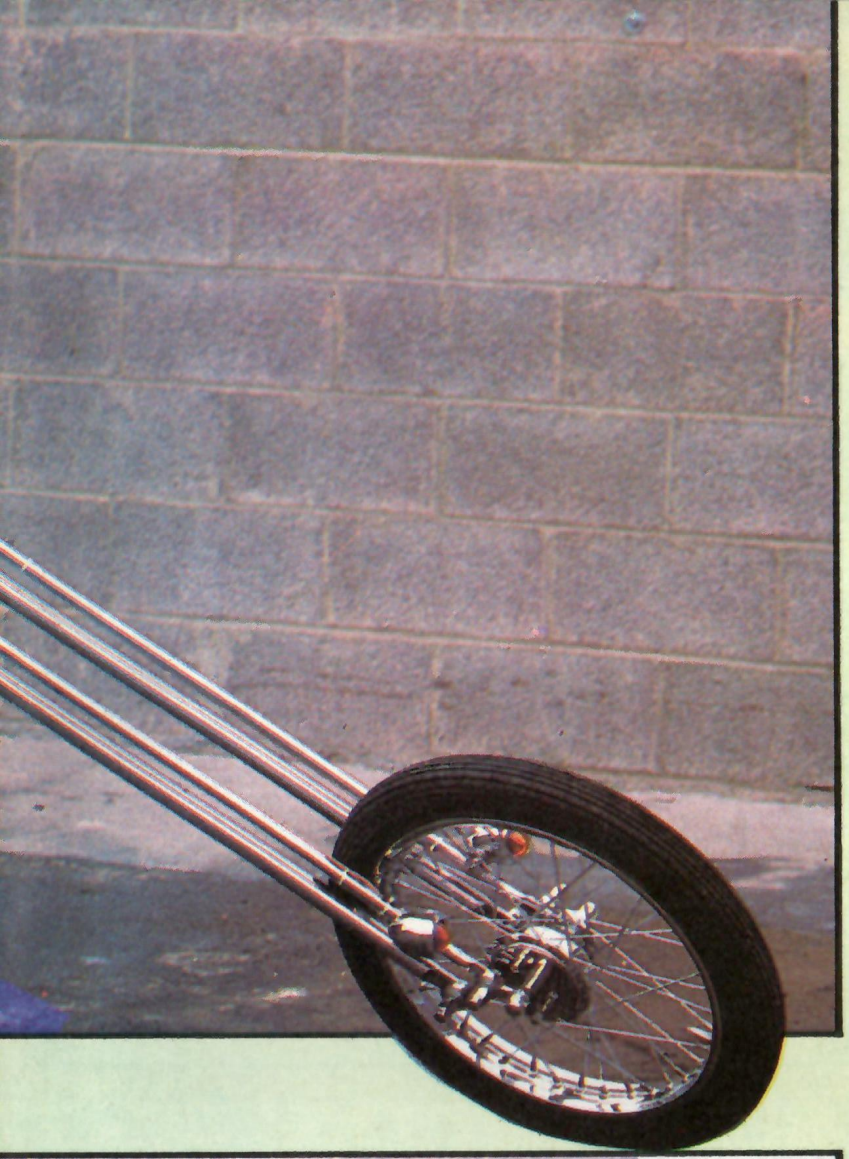
CULPRIT'S FLEXI-FLYIN-FUCIA-FLASH

It's His 74th 74 and He Ain't Slowin Down Fer Nothin (except maybe to count)

Words by Oral Hedd **Photos by WW**

Culprit's been a biker for thirty of his forty-four years, and believe it or not this stretched out Panhead is the 74th 74 to pass through his throttle hand. Not one to slack off the pace, Culprit's already up to his 79th 74, after having sold his "Flexi-Flyin-Fucia-Flash" since these flicks were shot by the globe puttin WW.

The Flash began its custom life as an embronic rear Harley hub which Culprit's kid found out in the deserts surrounding Lost Wages. How the hub got there is anybody's guess, but anything can happen in Vegas. Maybe



some poor bro lost everything to the tables but his rear hub, and figured, what the hell, why not start out completely from scratch and tossed the hub to the scorpions and rattlers. Whatever the story, Culprit's issue rescued the hub from the cruelties of the desert and the ace bike builder took it from there. He sent the hub out to be chromed and, as one thing led to another, the Flash began to form almost from nothng. You'd shit if ya knew how little actual cash passed hands during the construction of the Flash, but let's just say that Culprit's a master of the barter system as well as bein a very creative individual.

"All it takes is a little talent and ingenuity," said Culprit," and you can build a beautiful motorcycle for next to nothing. The new Harleys average around ten grand, which is a lot more than most brothers I know can afford. You just tap into the barter network and one thing turns you on to the next and pretty soon you're on your way to a custom bike."

Course, it's a lot easier for Culprit than it would be for a newcomer to the Harley scene, since he does all his own engine and tranny work as well as all the painting and molding, and with thirty years experience with Harleys

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Tech Sheet

Owner: Culprit
City: Las Vegas

General
Fabrication by: Owner
Year and make: 1962 H-D
Model: FL
Value: ???
Assembly by: Owner
Chroming: International Chroming, Las Vegas

Engine
Year: 1962
Model: Panhead
Rebuilder: Owner
Ignition: Battery/coil
Displacement: 86"
Lower End: Flathead 80 wheels
Balancing: Owner
Pistons: H-D
Cases: Stock
Heads
Stock
Cams: Stock FL
Lifters: Solids
Carbs: Keihin
Air Cleaner: Jammer
Pipes: 36" straights
Mufflers: None

Frame
Year: Recent
Builder: Denver Mullins
Type: Stretched
Rake:
Stretch:
Other Alterations: Molding

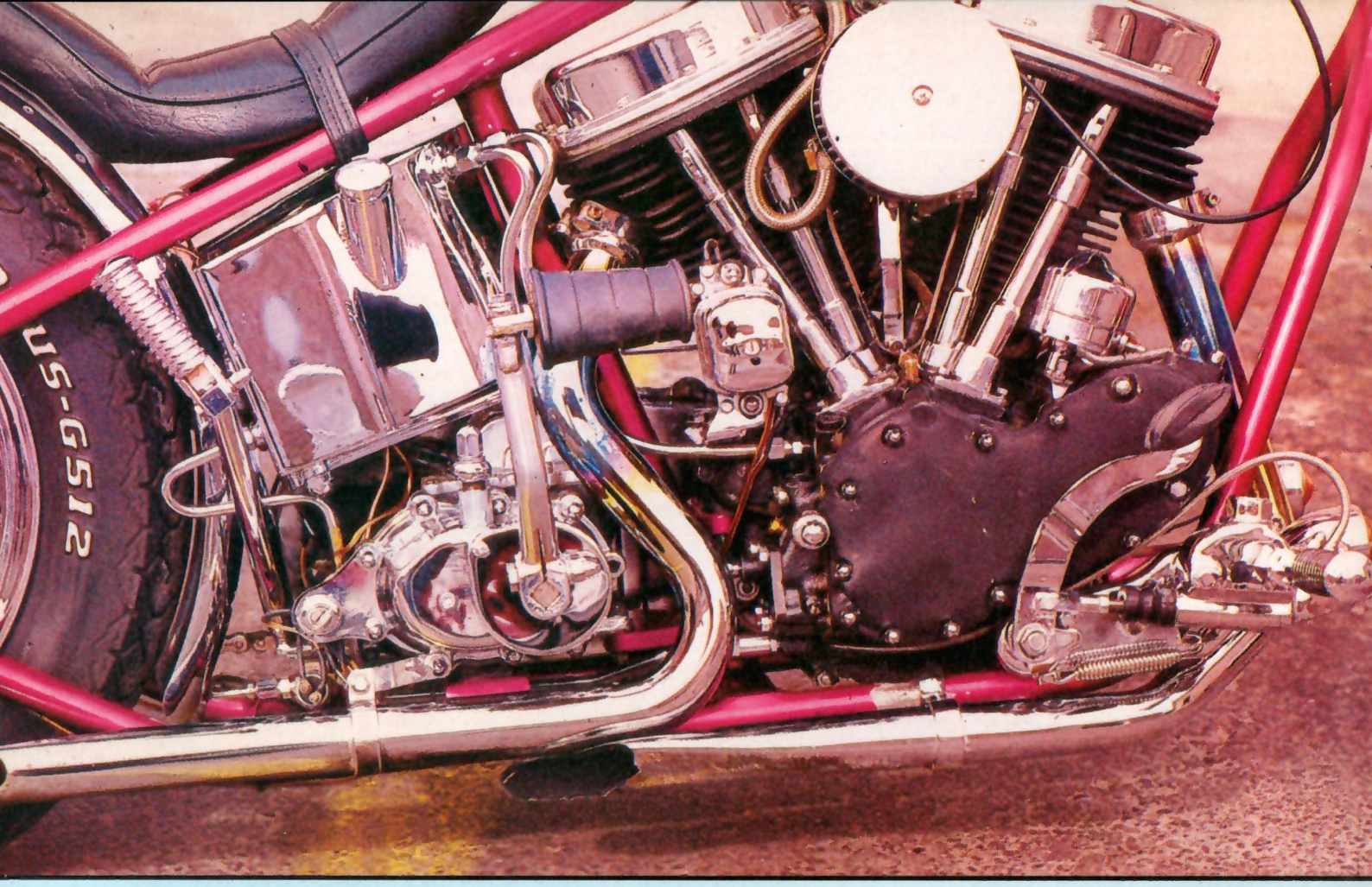
Accessories:
Bars: Denver Mullins
Risers: None
Fenders: Flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Sidemount
Speedo: None
Front Pegs: Paughco
Rear Pegs: Paughco
Electrics: 12v
Gas Tank: Paughco King Sportster
Oil Tank: Wraparound
Oil System: Stock
Primary Cover: H-D
Seat: Paughco

Tranny
Modifications: All Andrews
Year: 1972
Shifting: Jockey

Painting
Molding: Owner
Painter: Owner
Color: Candy Magenta over silver base
Type: Polyurethane
Special Paint: None

Forks
Type: Springer
Extension: 30 over
Builder: Denver Mullins
Special Features: Long

Wheels
Front Wheel: 18"
Rear Wheel: 16"
Front Hub: Hallcraft
Rear Hub: H-D
Front Tire: Avon
Rear Tire: Bridgestone
Front Brake: 3½" Hallcraft
Rear Brake: '69 H-D juice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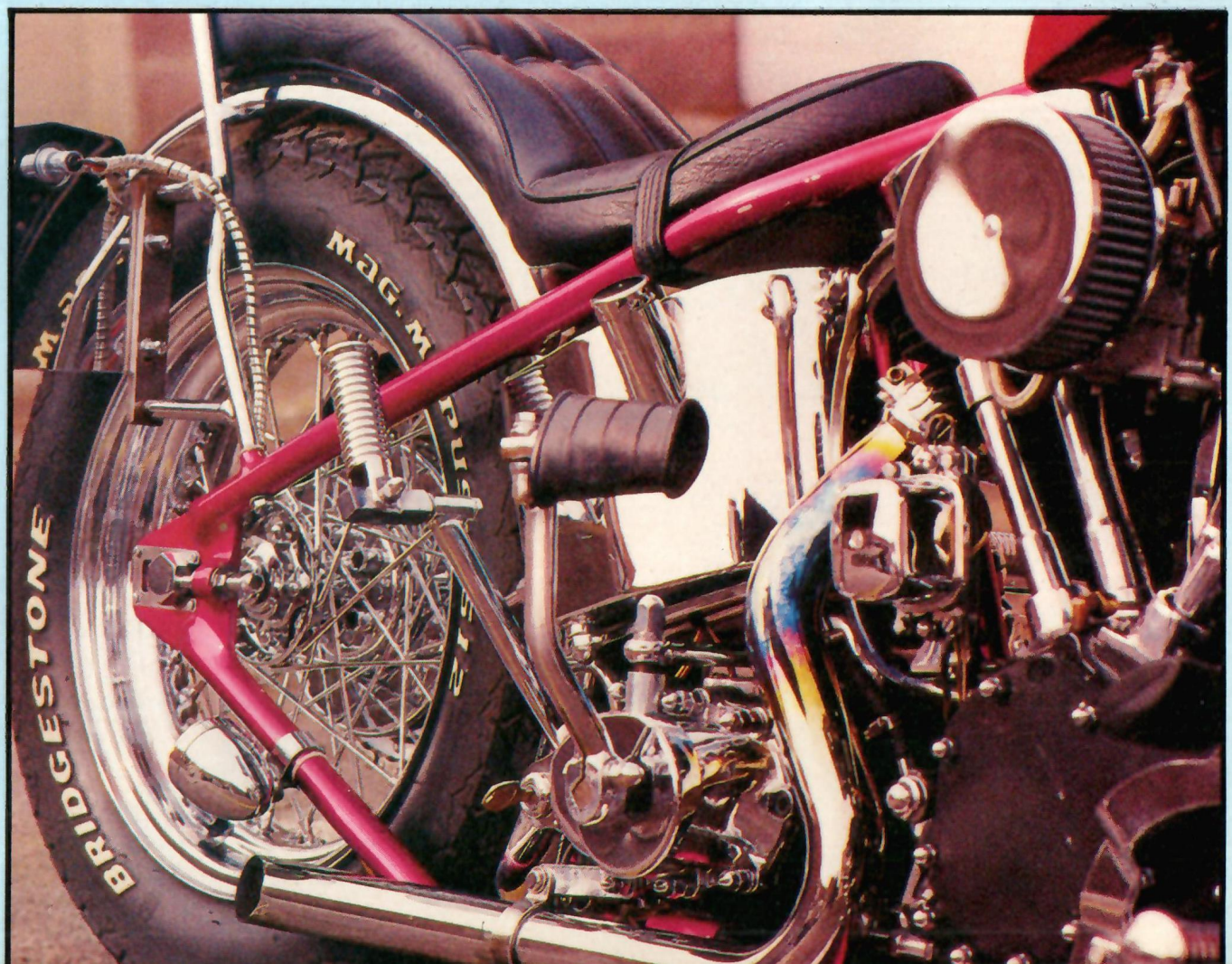
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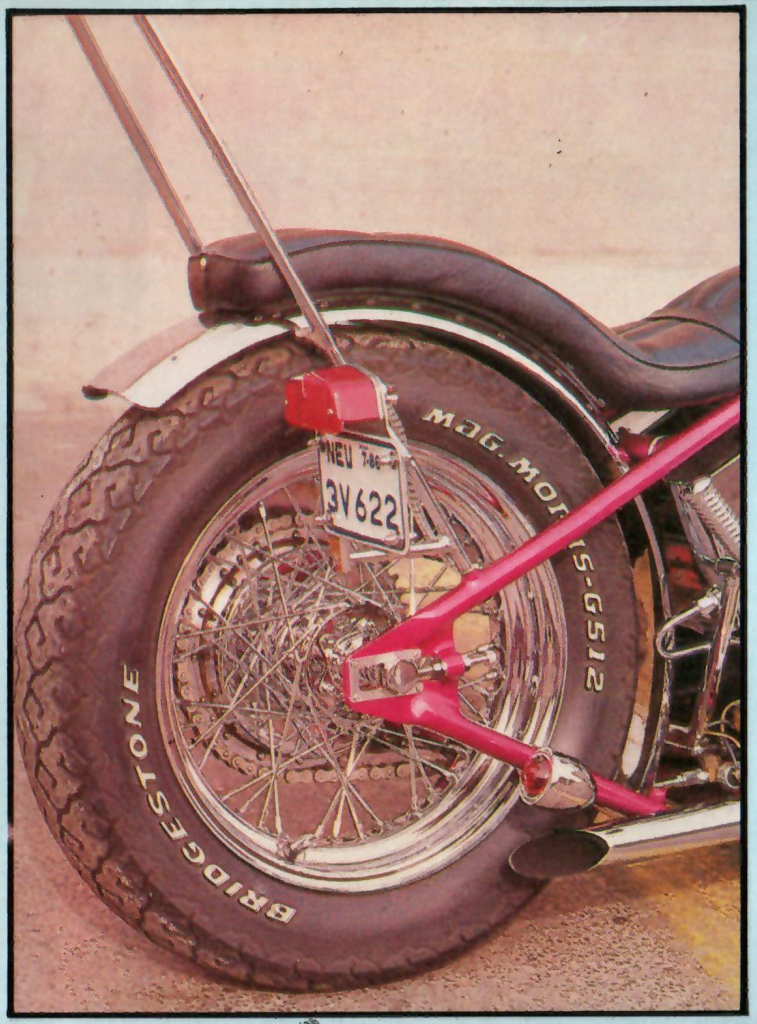
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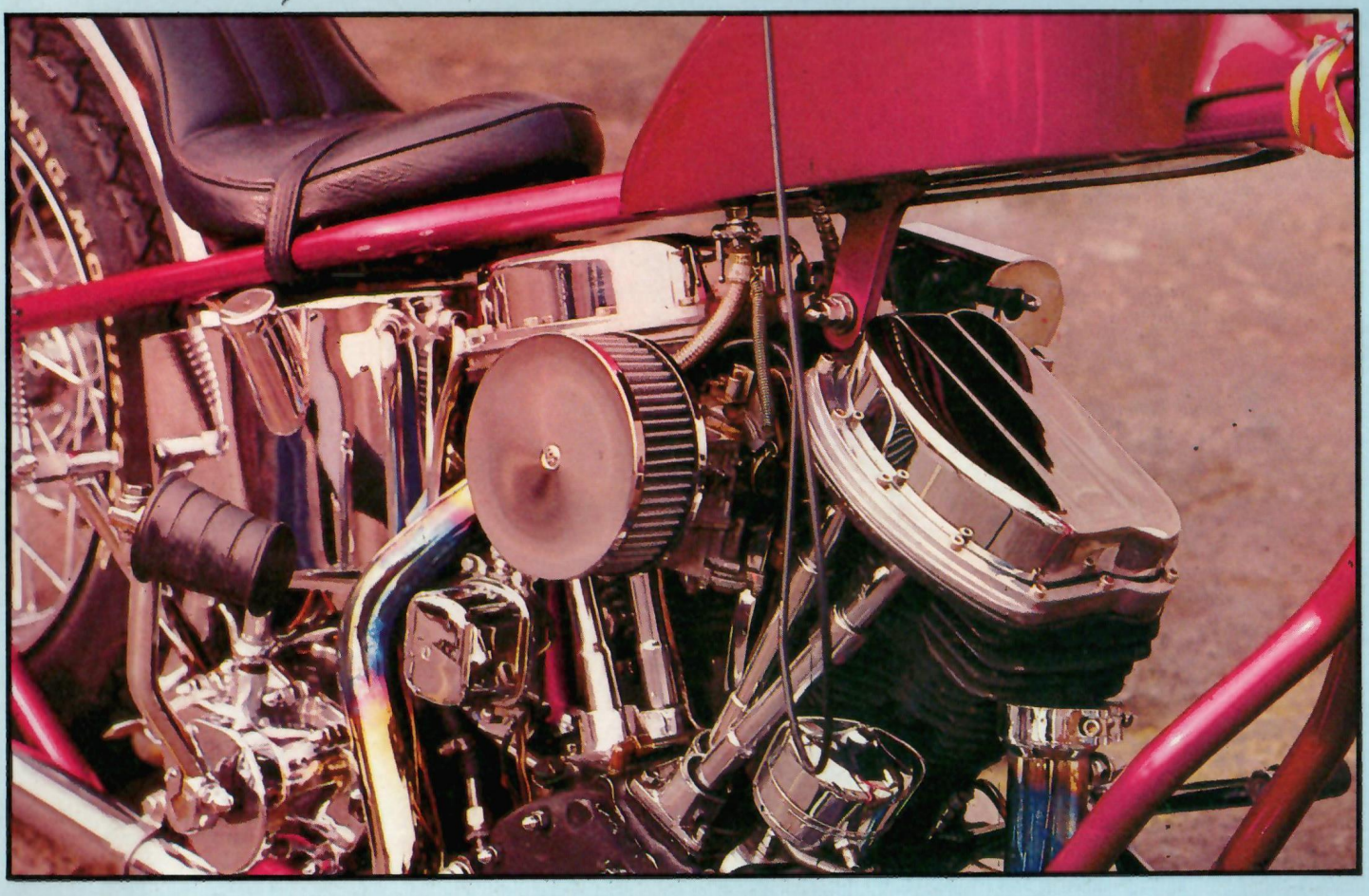

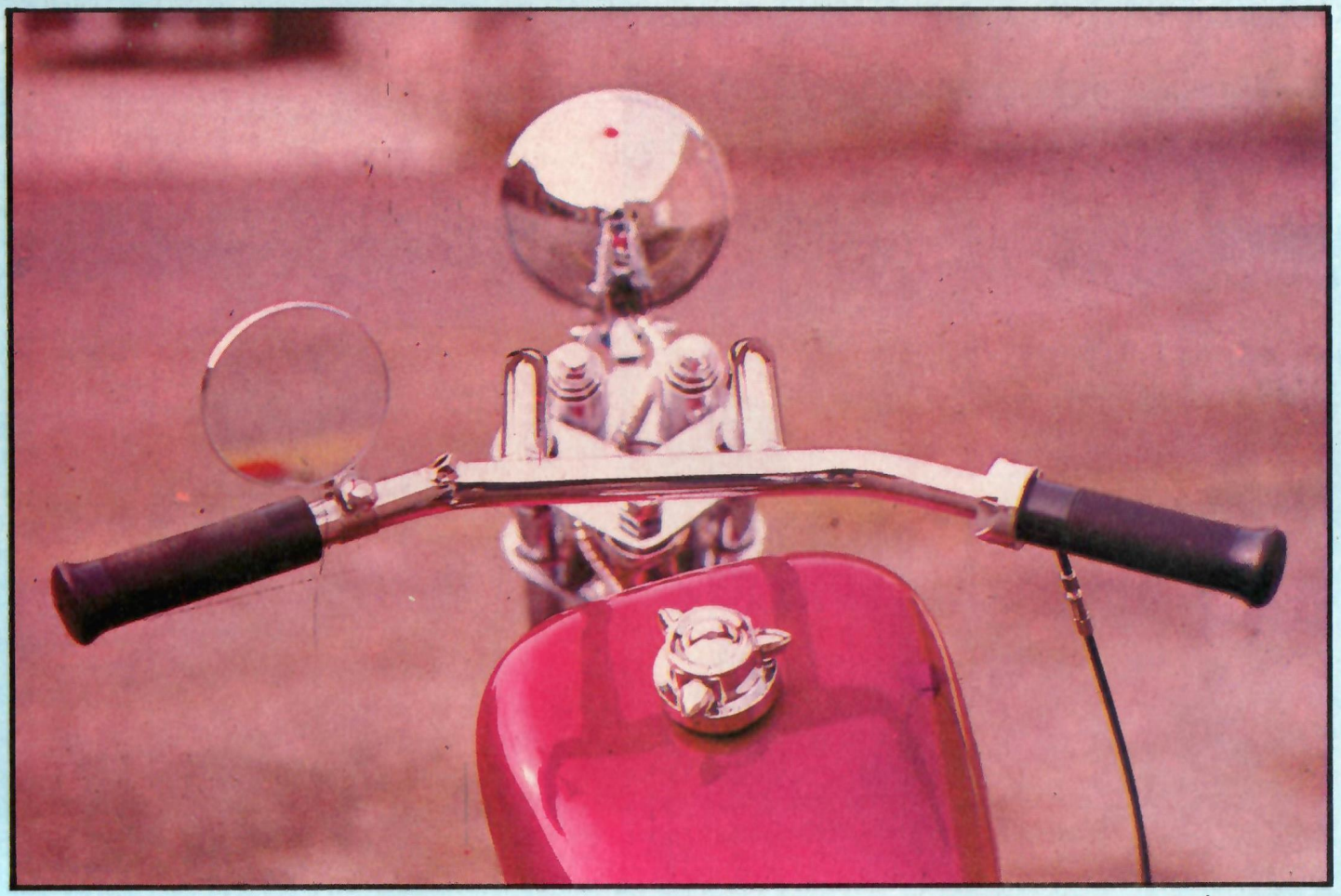

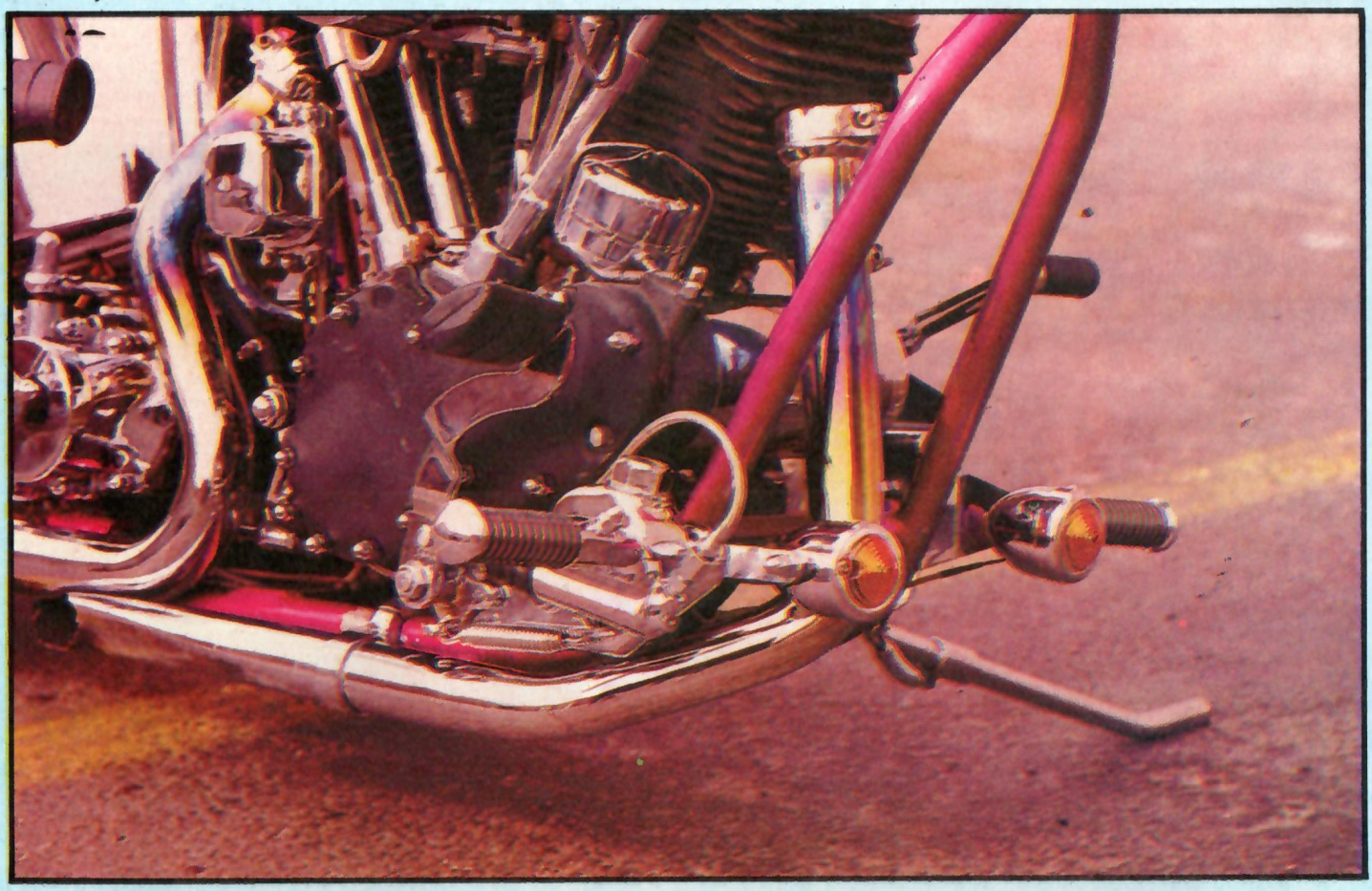

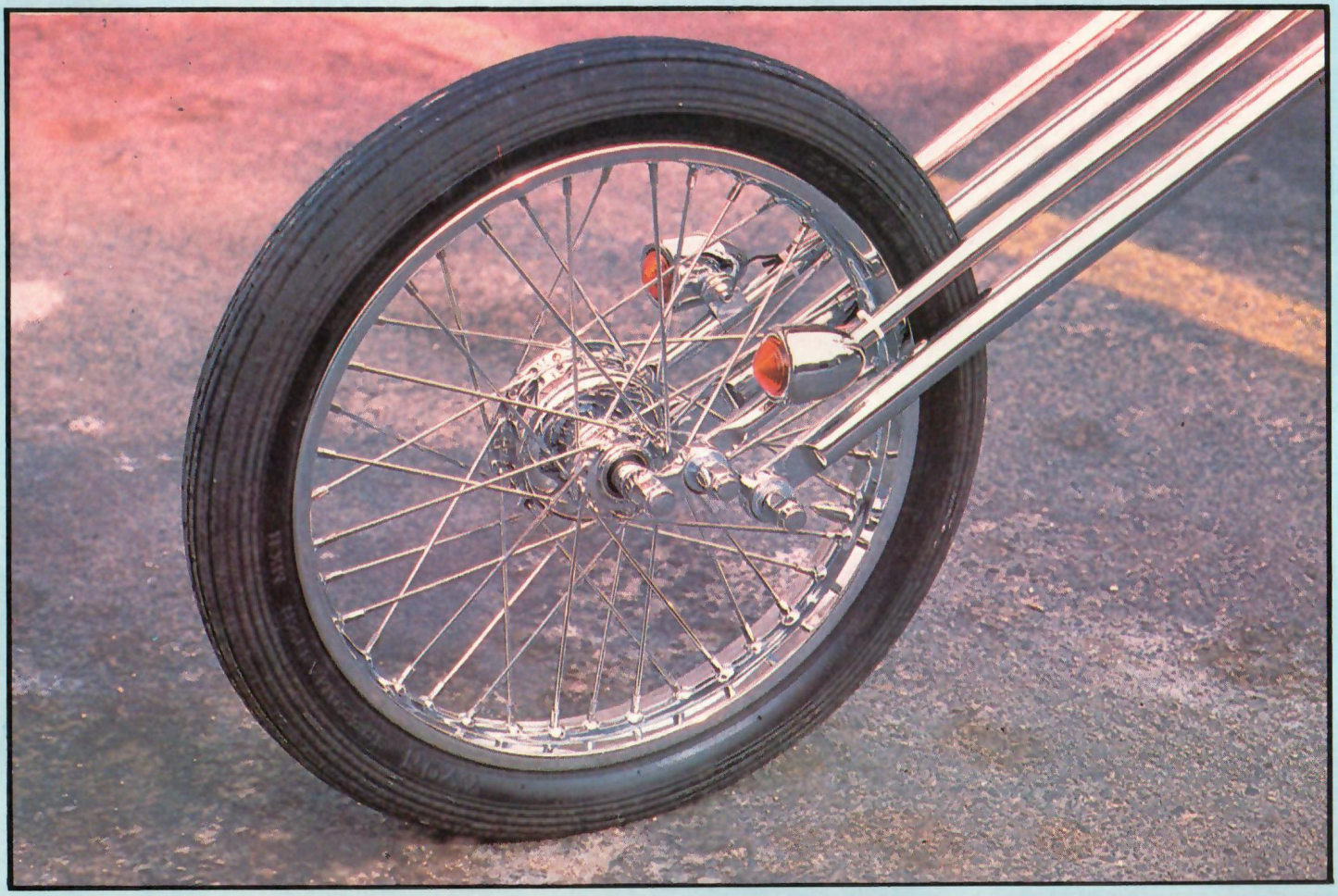

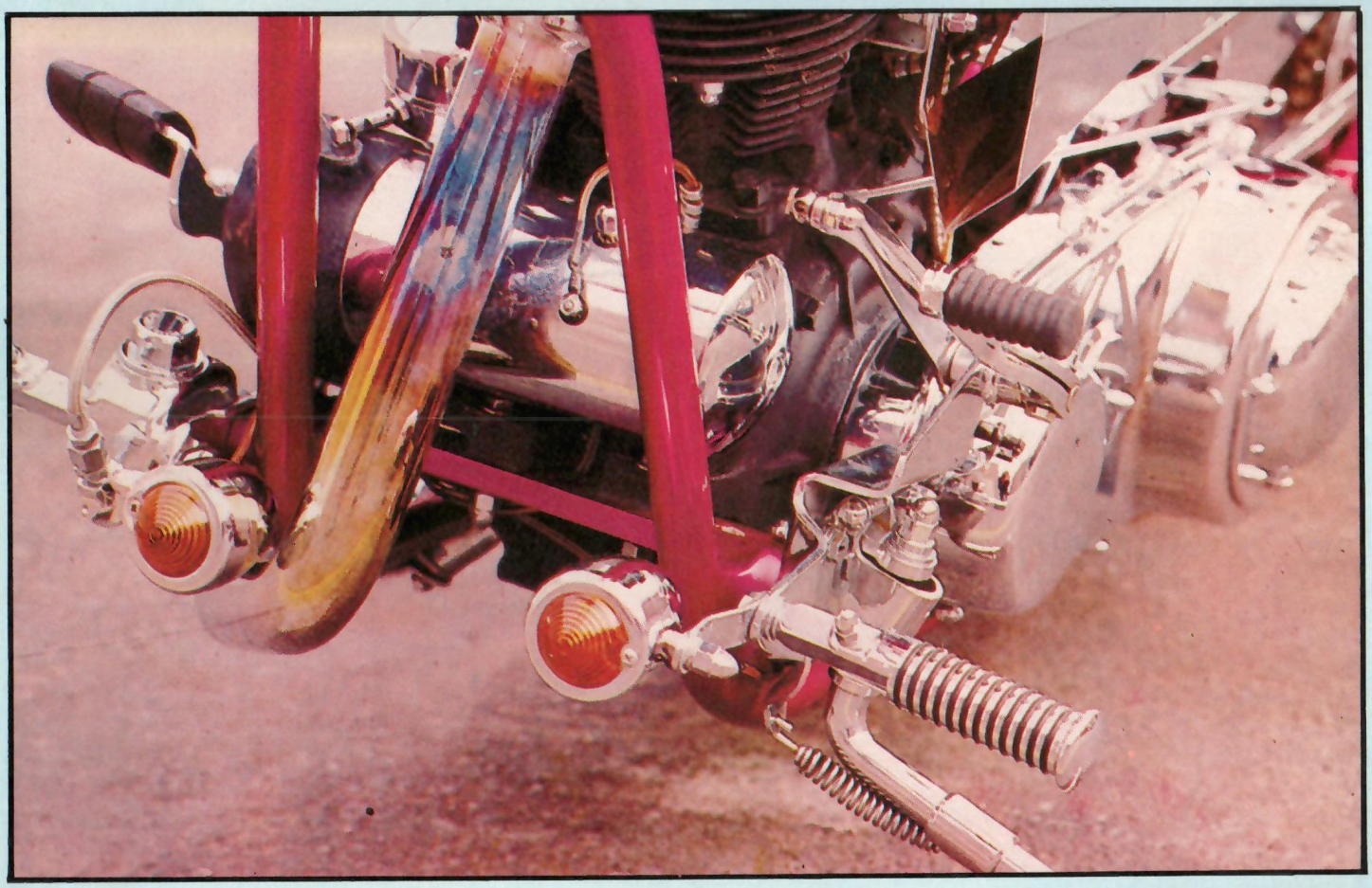

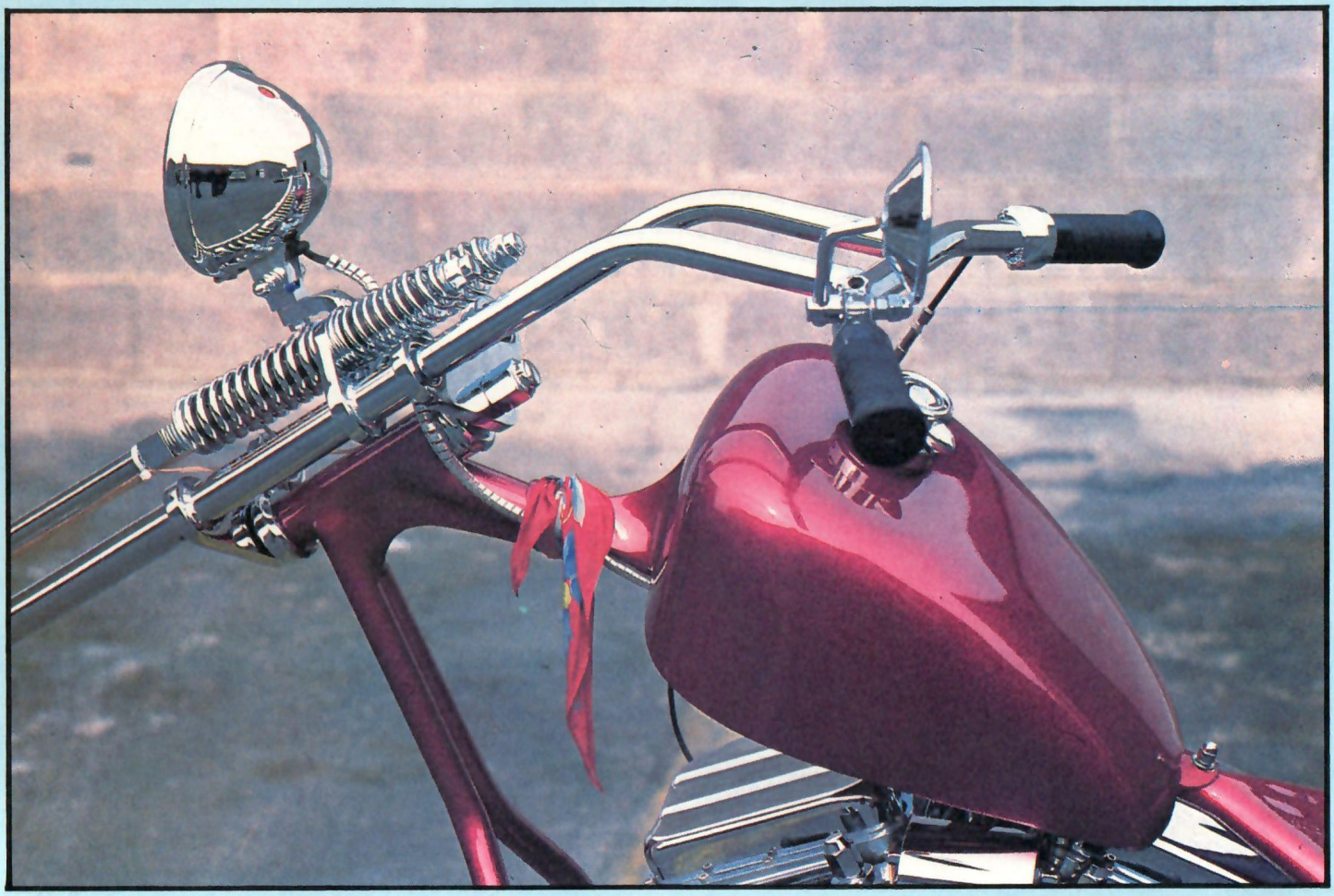

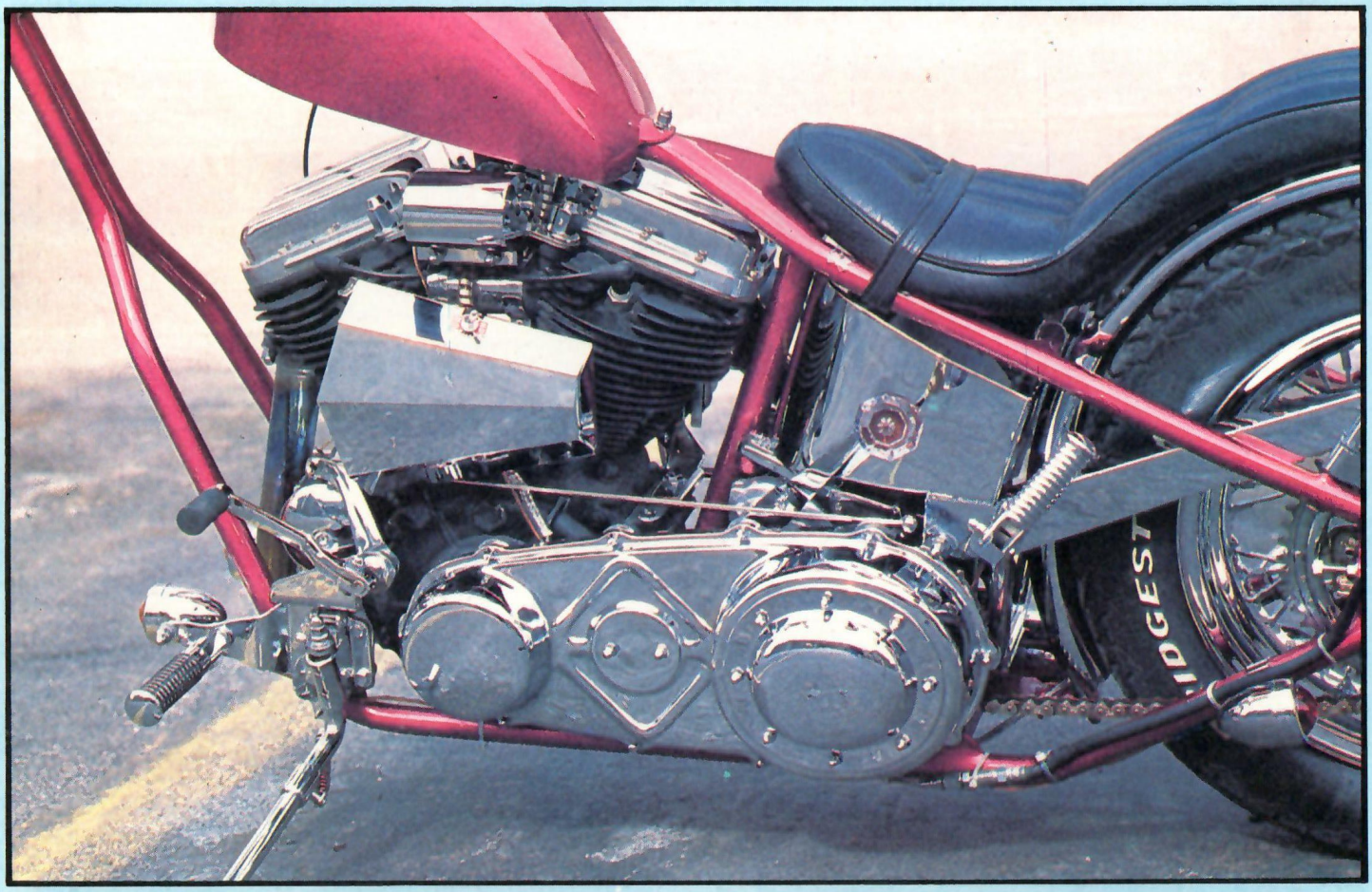
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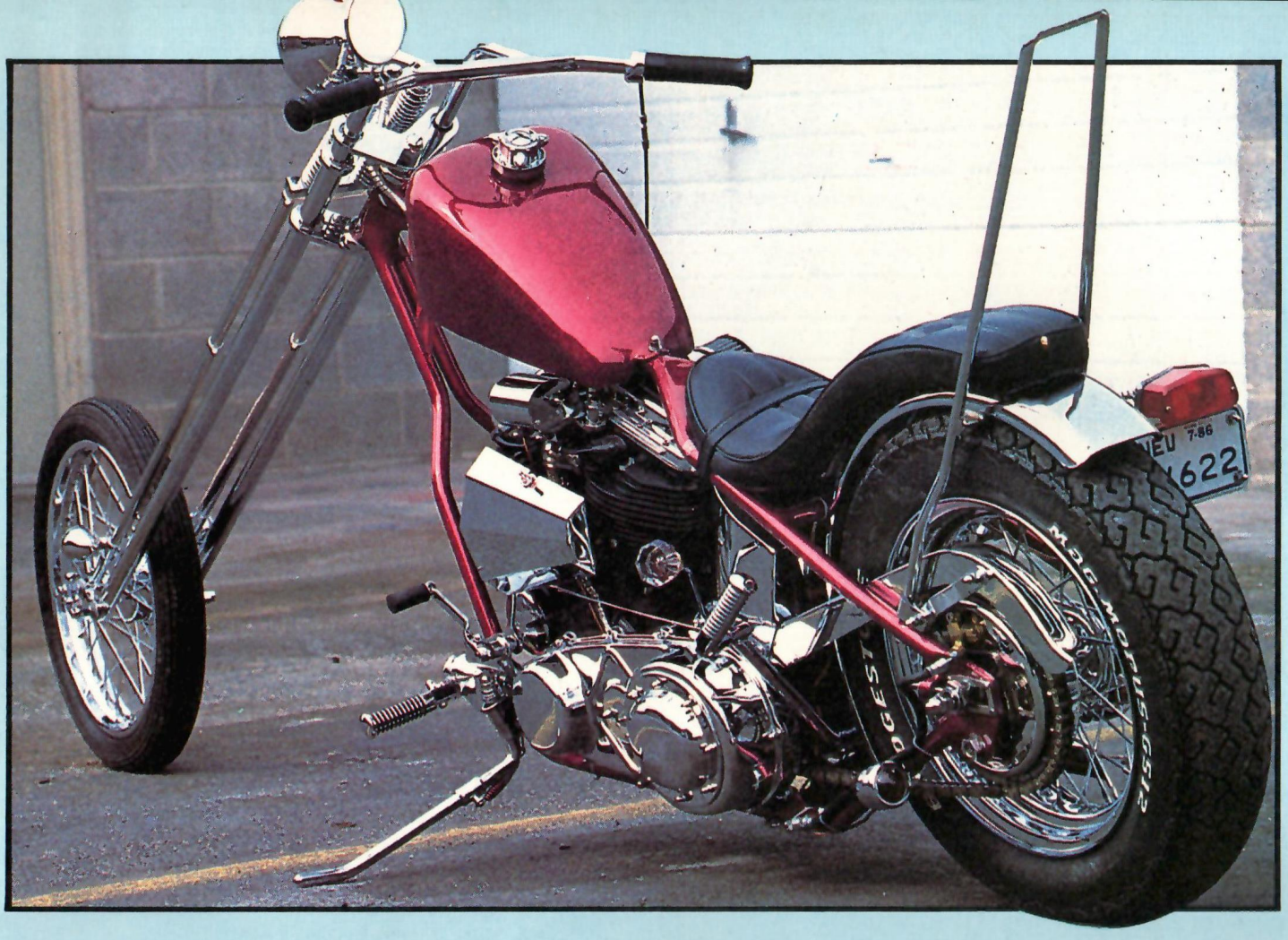
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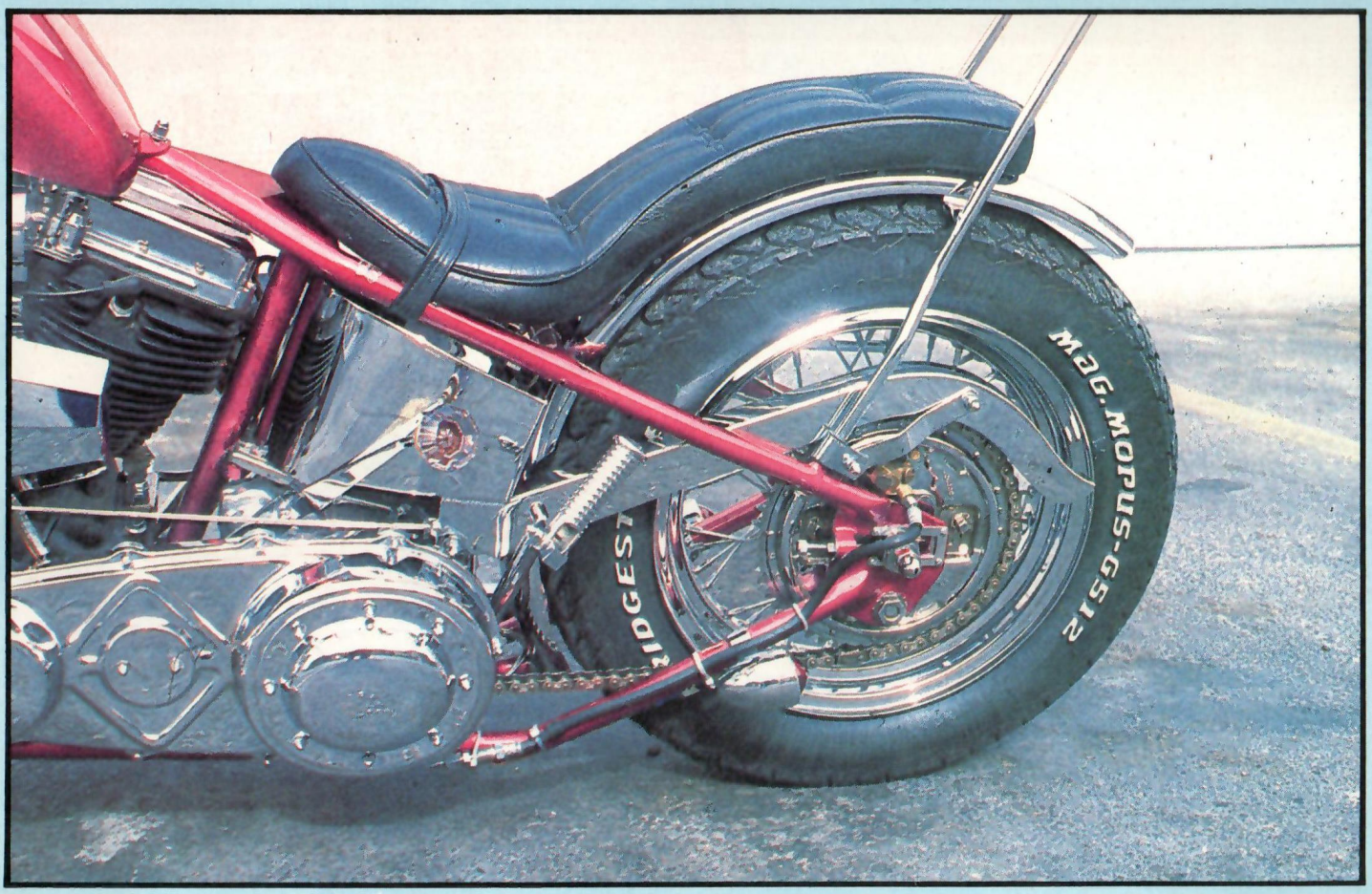
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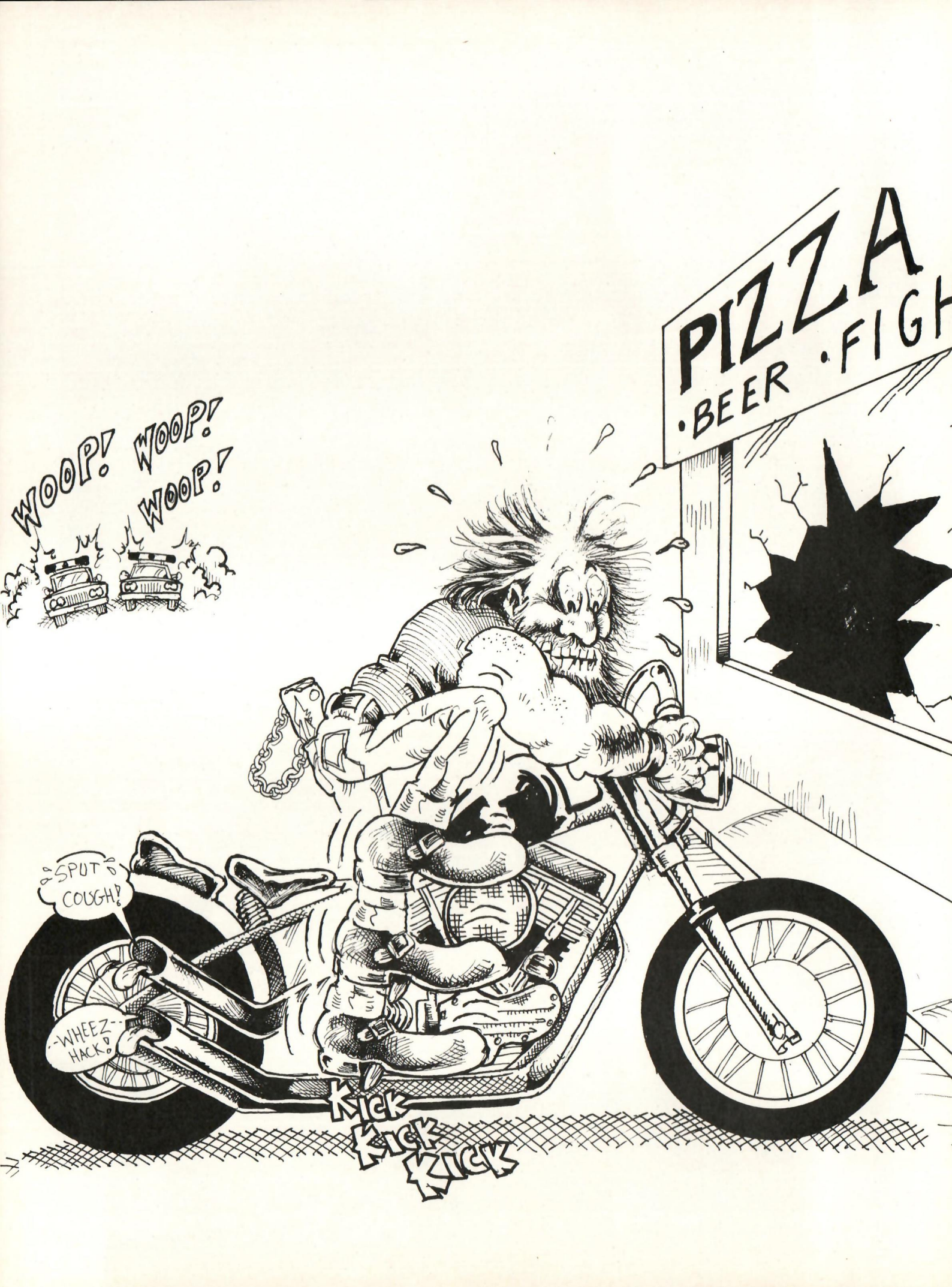
PIZZA
·BEER ·FIGH
WOOP! WOOP!
WOOP!
SPUT
COUGH!
WHEEZ--
HACK!
KICK
KICK
KICK

OUTTA THE FRYIN' PAN...

...and into a whole messa trouble— of the legal kind.

Somehow I'd always thought it'd be classier, y'know? No brass band or anything, but maybe a foxy blonde flashin a tit at me with one hand and holdin a cold six pack in the other.... Just waitin for me when I walk out the gate (when and if they ever let me outta that goddamn old quarry they called Nevada State Prison). Even though I didn't have a clue who the hell she woulda been. My ex-ol lady, who I hadn't heard from for seven years, wouldn't show up to greet me, *that* was for damn sure. So it wasn't quite like my fantasies, but I wasn't complaining, either. I wasn't even thinkin about all those plots I'd dreamed up to get *even* with that cunt, all those times that the racket from B-tier (and the crank that was always in good supply) kept me awake for about a week at a time. Bygones were bygones. No enemies in the whole fuckin world now, far as I was concerned. (Well, almost none.)

OK, what was the procedure again? I oughta remember. Oh yeah...walk past the houses an shake hands with all the guys on the tier, just like in the movies. (Already gave away everything worth giving.) Resist the smartass urge to tell that rookie screw that I'd say "hi" to his wife and kids at lunchtime.

Two gates out to the yard. Wave to everyone that, and even to that fuckin cop up in two-tower who gassed us all a coupla months ago cuz two guys got in a little beef over a handball game.

Buzz through two more gates. Even a polite nod to the sissy who runs the barber shop (probably made him come in his pants). The little fruit had been the haircutter there since he was sent up for wastin his boyfriend in a jealous rage at a Vegas casino, and he'd caused me eight extra months when he tried to get friendly four or five years ago and I had to bust his arm. But like I said, no grudges.

Coupla more gates. Into the admin office to draw the 15-cent-an-hour cash I'd saved up. Into the warden's office, where the senile old prick patted me on the back like his best golfing buddy and actually said, "I hope we don't see you in here again, William." (Good Christ, how many old prison flicks had *he* seen?)

Then it was out through a real honest-to-God *door*, to the outer yard with nothin but a fence now between me and outside. Get some street clothes at one of the outbuildings where another sissy, a trustee, seemed a little too eager to help guys change their clothes, but stay cool Billy, don't do nothin stupid *now*!

Of course, I'd been through it all

Ron Cameron

before. Three years, one month, and ten days earlier, to be exact, after what shoulda been in the *Guiness Book of World Records* under the category "shortest lasting parole." I'd headed for the nearest Carson City saloon and fucked up in no time at all, but I'll skip the details. Important thing is that I learned a lesson. The lesson was that I couldn't live by the rules that the State of Nevada's parole authority wanted me to live by, and so I was gonna do my time—every single fuckin minute of it, and get the hell *out* of the state. And after they sent me back in on that violation, I mean to tellya I was a *model* prisoner. No more fightin unless I absolutely had to, no more chemicals up my nose (even though they'd never caught me at that), the whole bit.

No shit. I decided to do every second of that time, never mind that the board looked ready to give me another shot at parole just a year after they "violated" me the first time, cuz I knew I couldn't live by all their rules outside. I politely declined. Shocked the shit out of em, but I told em, "No thank you, sir, I'll do all my time. Next time I step outside, nobody's gonna threaten to send me back here just cuz I don't live where they tell me to and work where they tell me to, or maybe cuz I get busted for drunk in public or misdemeanor A&B or any of the other petty shit that happens when you're just tryin to do a little harmless partyin." Times I almost regretted those brave words, but now it was all in the past. One last gate, then outside.

Shook hands with the "college boy" classification counselor, who probably meant well even if he didn't have a fuckin clue what life was like inside. At least he didn't make me spend my last month in minimum, like they do with most guys who've got their release dates. I'd heard about one dude a week short who'd been transferred there, an that one little wire fence looked too easy, and he'd ended up with another two years for attempted escape and a .223 slug that smashed his right foot and made him a gimp for life. I didn't want to get tempted.

Outside and free. The July weather could broil a sidewinder, but who cared? The damn sagebrush even smelled good...at least better than the sewage treatment plant that'd been my "backyard" for the last seven years. And if there wasn't a foxy blonde like in my daydreams, at least there was my brother Mike and his ol' lady, Linda, and a coupla bikes for us. Well, one bike anyway. There was his old '53 Panhead and some fucking two-stroke, ten-syllable riceburner that he'd rented for me.

"Best I could do," he sounded apologetic. "I got a partner up at the lake who'll ride it back to the rental place in Carson for ya, and there's a dude up there with a Sporty you oughta be able to afford. Needs a little work, but nothin you can't handle."

Linda did offer me a cold brew, too, but I waved it away. "I don't mean to offend ya, beautiful, but I'm gonna be a goddamn monk until I cross that state line. Ain't that far anyway, so let's get goin."

Mike just stared at me with his mouth hangin open like a retard and finally half-whispered "Jesus Christ, they fucked up and let out some guy who *looks* like my brother. Billy must still be in there."

I just smiled and flipped him off, and pushed the electric start button on the wimpy little scoot. Damn, was it ever good to be ridin again. Never mind that there was a time when I swore I'd never be caught dead on a piece of ship like that. Never mind that it sounded like a chainsaw with rocks in the cylinder or that the clutch felt like it was engineered for a Campfire Girl with leprosy. Whatthehell, I only had to go about twenty miles on it. Never mind that the Nevada State Legislature, in its infinite wisdom, had voted to save me from myself by making me wear a brainbucket so I had no peripheral vision. (I could toss it at the state line.)

Avoid the casinos this time, Billy, I told myself. Avoid the bars until you cross that state line. Never mind that you're hornier than a two-peckered bull, and watchin Linda groping your brother while she rode behind him on his Pan wasn't helping any. It'd be so easy to turn east and ride a few miles to one of those legal cathouses in the next county. Nossir, get the fuck *outta* this state, I told myself, there'll be plenty of free pussy in California. Get outta this state where that cow county jury decided you were real badass felon, cuz they found four or five seeds on the floor of your ex's cage. Her '65 Belvedere that she talked you into drivin to her folks' anniversary party in Ely, cuz the weather was too shitty for your hog (and, probably, cuz the relatives couldn't handle the idea of that darling girl living with a *biker*). That was the same hog she sold as soon as you were in the joint...so she could pay her lawyer who kept her outta the joint, cuz everybody believed her when she batted those baby blues and swore that the only bags of grass she'd ever seen were attached to lawnmowers. Don't get pissed off now, Billy. Stay cool; that was many years ago.

On up U.S. 50, towards California. Serious doubts about whether that "Kamagoochi," or whatever the fuck it was called, could pull the steep, winding grade with my 230 pounds of ballast on it, but it made it up to Tahoe somehow. Away from the sagebrush and into the pine trees. It was about fifteen degrees cooler up at that altitude. Felt pretty good, after the Carson Valley sun had been baking my few remaining brain cells inside that helmet for half an hour. We only had to make one last stop in Nevada, to see this pal of my brother's who was workin at a pizza joint just past Zephyr Cove and was going to take the rent-a-bike back the next day. He'd give me a ride in his cage to my brother's place on the California side of the lake, just four miles away. Then I could see about maybe buyin that Sportster.

And, hell, guess it wouldn't have been polite not to buy a beer or six while we were in there. After all, the guy was doin me a favor, and we were almost home. Forget all this talk about bein a monk. The pizza place had a nice, friendly old bar stuck onto it anyway. It was no biker bar, but not a bad old dive, with wood floors and pool tables and spittoons and good CW on the juke.

And a lotta regulars, most of em lookin like change girls or blackjack dealers from the nearby clubs, and many of em lookin drunk, gorgeous and friendly. So it's really too bad that about an hour after the sun had gone down, and about two hours after I'd started composin in my mind some real clever and irresistable way to persuade the honey sittin next to me that in exchange for the six schnapps I'd bought her she ougthta step outside for a quickie on the back seat of her Chevy, my dumbshit little brother decided to get in a fight.

Now, I'm not exactly sure how it started. Never did see that part. Later, Mike would tell me that one of the three local rednecks who were kickin and poundin on him had cheated him in a fifty-dollar game of no-slop

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MARYLIN CHAMBERS AND THE ROCKET SLED

Three of Chuck's Sweeties: Broads, Bullets and Bikes

Now here's a little lady that needs no introduction. You've seen her smiling face on that pillar of wholesomeness, a box of Ivory Snow soap, and then you've probably seen *her* box plastered all over the big screen in numerous skin flicks over the past few years. Married to Chuck Traynor, Marylin Chambers has spent a lot of her time lately rumblin around on Harleys and firin enough exotic weaponry to make Rambo look like a peacenik. Sometimes she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Words by Lobo Photos by WW

does both at the same time. This gal is no stranger to expending shells and emptying magazines. Husband Chuck is a gun dealer as well as a Harley rider and has found a unique way to combine these passions. Whenever he shows his 1982 FXWG, He adds a few modifications that have occurred to all bikers who've hassled with moronic cage pilots, but these kinda mods are rarely, if ever, made. What Chuck does is mount a pair of machine guns to the handlebars and a couple of LAWS rocket launchers to the rear fender, and then it's so long tailgaters and left turners. With that kinda gut level appeal, it's no wonder that Chuck's Wide Glide cops first place in the Mild Urban Warfare Class in every show he enters.

But now, check out another of Chuck's passionate combinations, Marylin mounting the rocket blaster Wide Glide. □

HARLEY

THE
RAIDER
OF THE
LOST HOGS

He Ain't Indiana Jones, But Chances Are You'll Find Your Kind Of Ghost At David Sarafan's Garage

Words by Snow
Photos by Fatbob Hanson

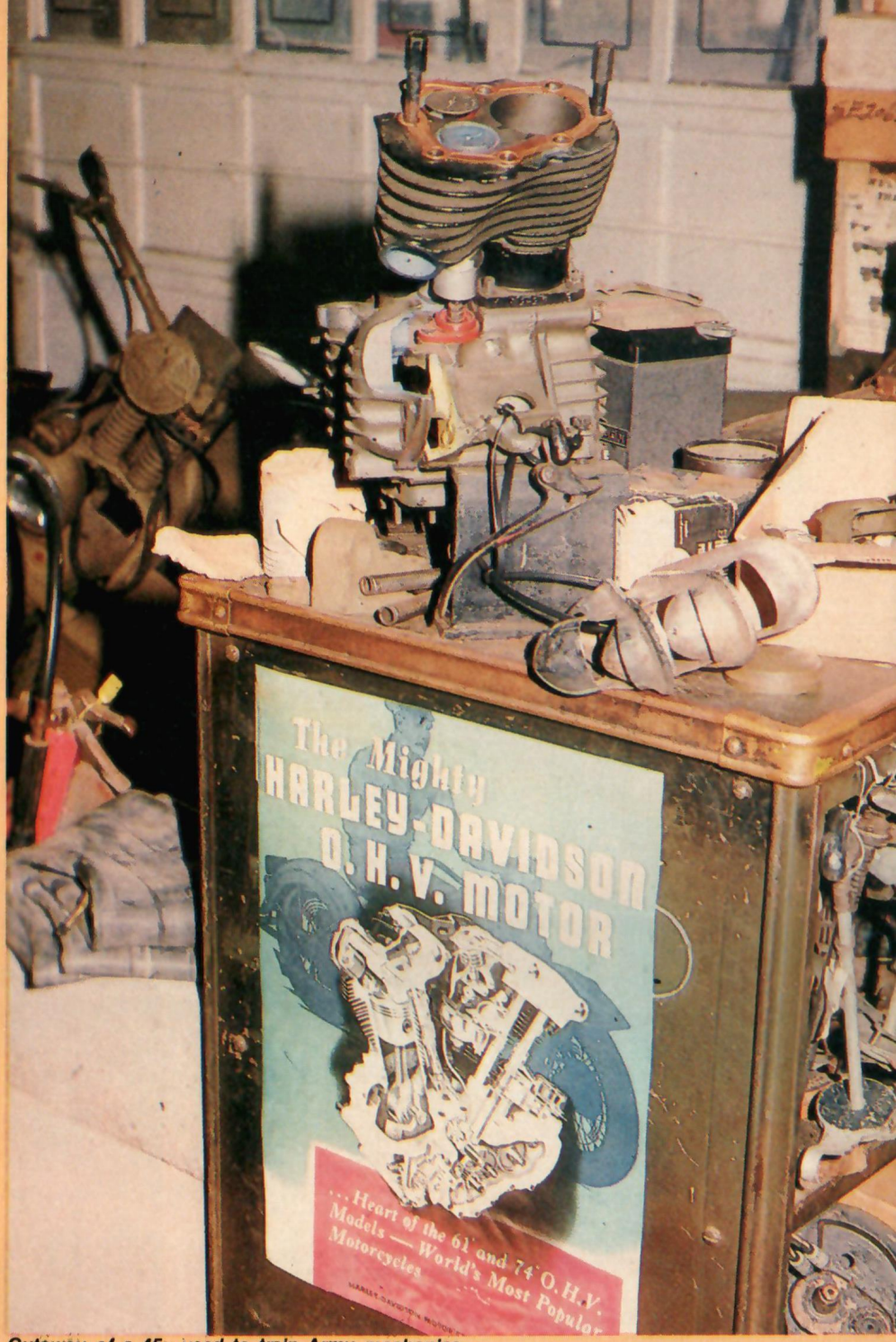
It is every biker's dream come true. It's the Holy Grail of Biker Mythology. It's the tale told a thousand times around brews in late night taverns in whatever corner of Harley Country where the Hogs rumble in as the drink flows faster and the bullshit piles deeper. It's the story of a guy who knew a guy whose ol man used to be in the service with a guy who guarded an endless stash of WWII Army surplus somewhere in the vast American desert. Crates of brand new military Harleys, stacked to the ceilings of rusted quonset huts, preserved in their layers of cosmoline, lie

How to catch a thief!

WWII cavalry.

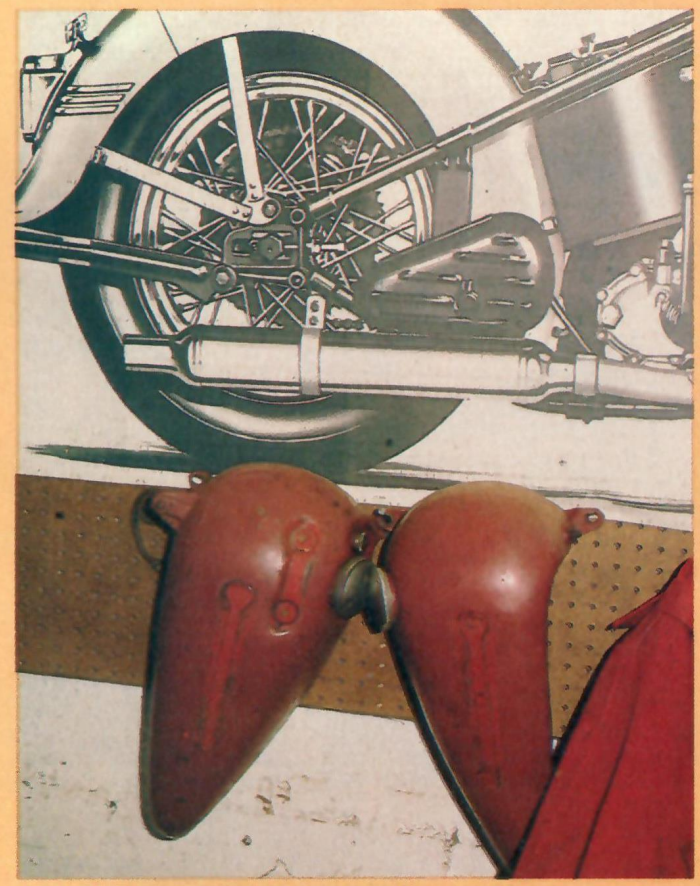
A mindblower — New Old Stock Knuckle inner primary and clutch basket still in its preserving cosmoline.

A treasure trove from the past — unopened crates of WWII era H-D parts.

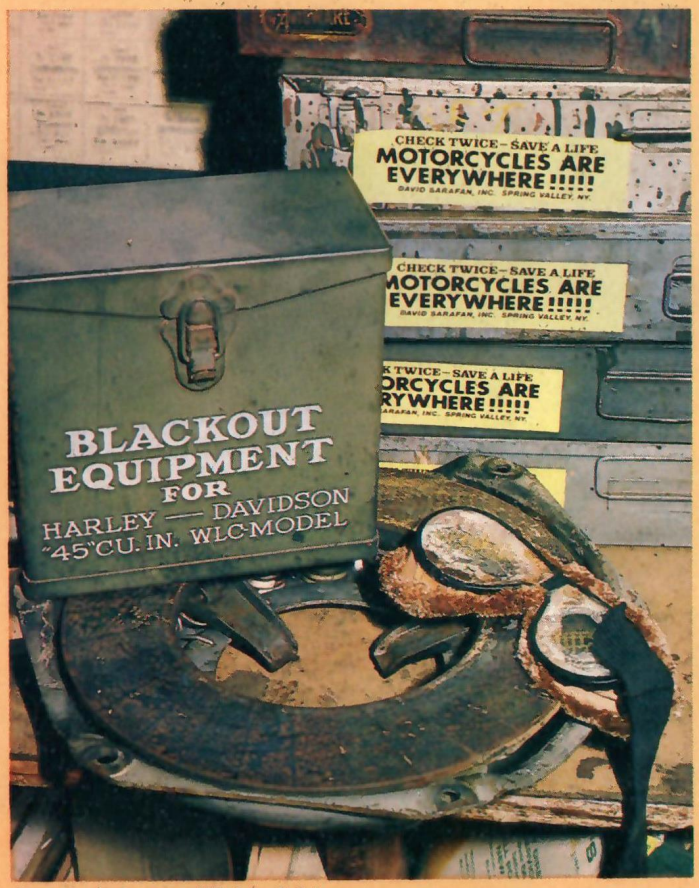


Cutaway of a 45« used to train Army mechanics.

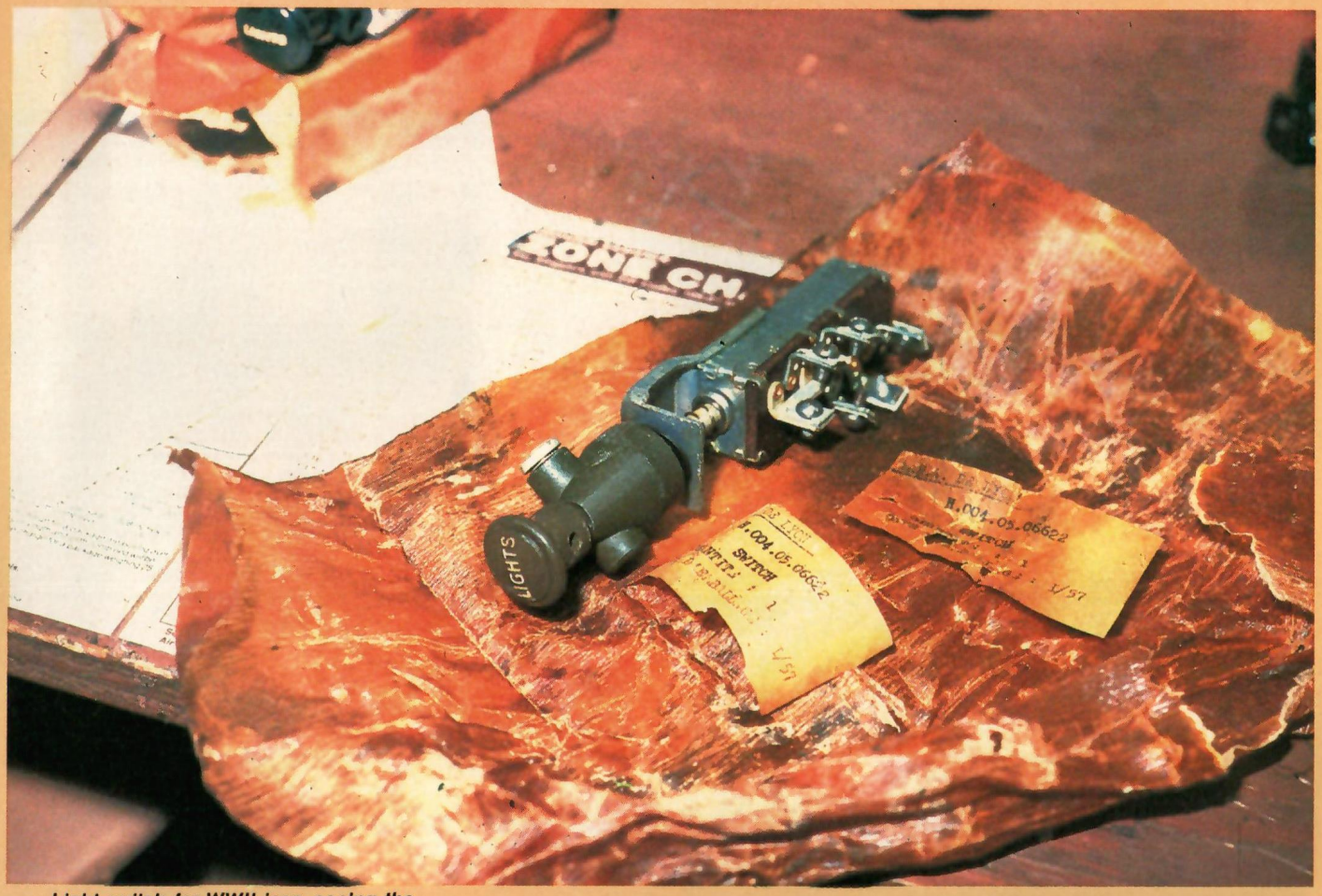
WLA manual and NOS speedo face.



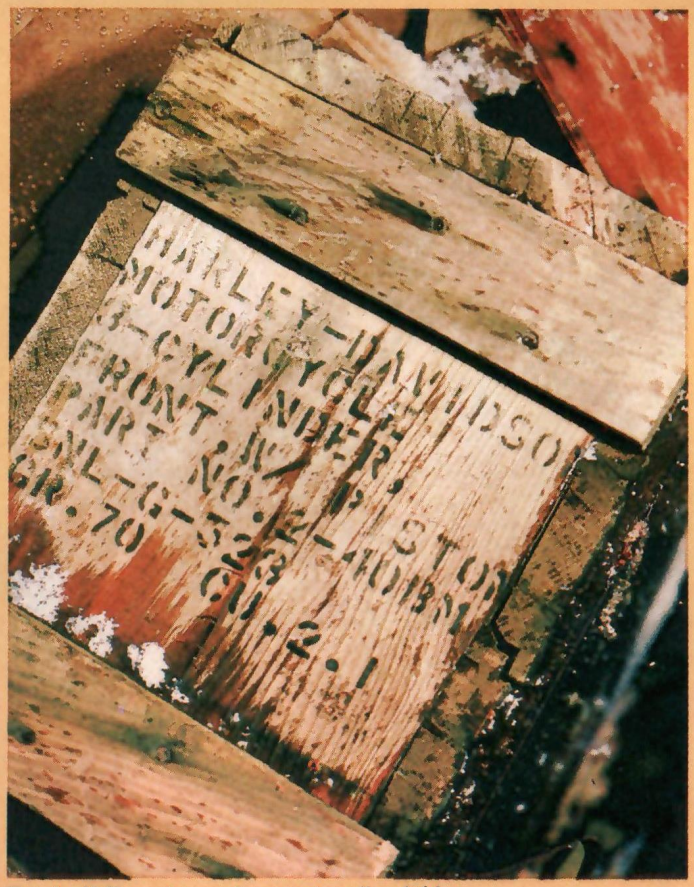
Knuckle Tanks, waiting for that special someone.



How to make your WLA invisible.



Light switch for WWII jeep, seeing the light after 40 years!



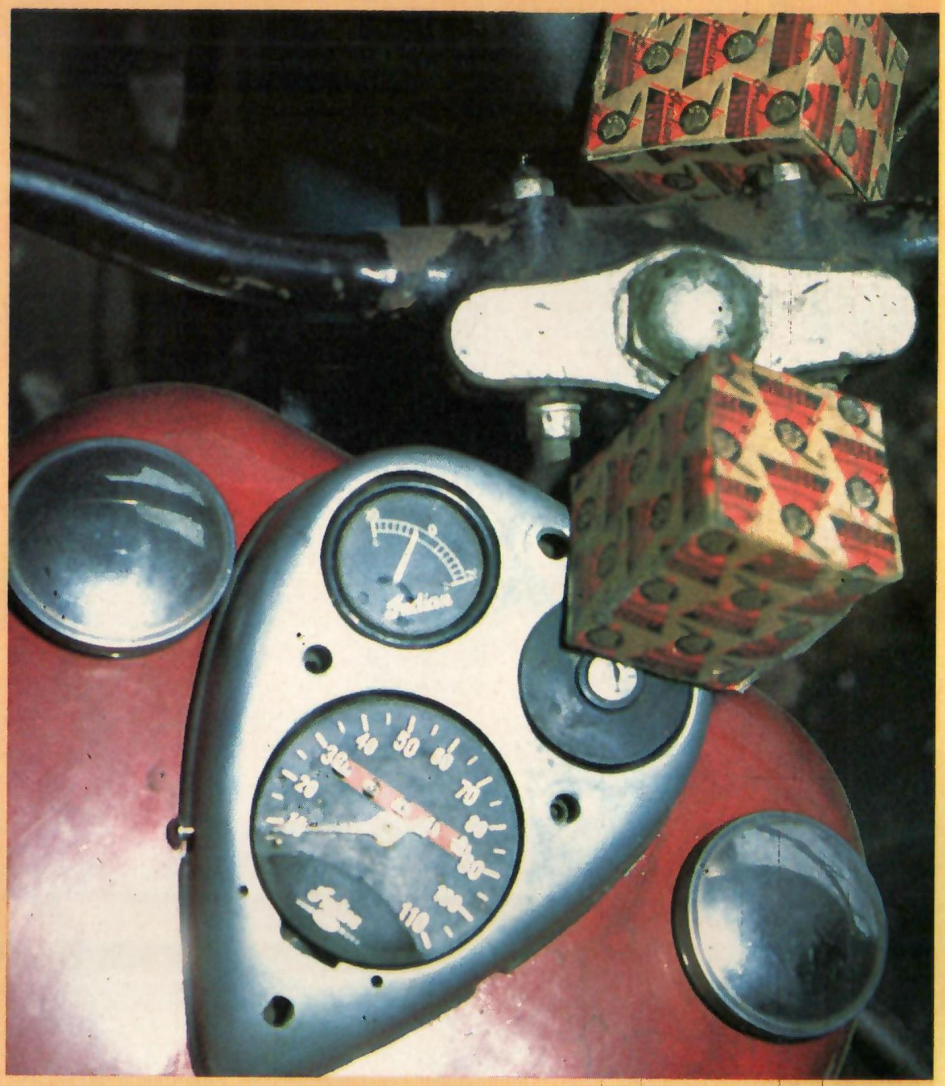
Empty H-D crates make great coffee tables.

NOS bearings

A Wing Wheel — a motorized bicycle from BSA.

Among the goodies — brand new speedos and decals, circa the 40's and 50's

Rider's eye view of an Indian Four (plus a couple more pistons in their original cartons).



waiting for only the most worthy and righteous of bikers to awaken them from their 40 year slumber. Mint Knuckleheads, rare UL Flatheads, and the ubiquitous 45 Flattie, all unassembled, all military issue, all as cherry as the day they were packed in Milwaukee, and all lost in the sea of government red tape and confusion that swallowed them up at the end of the war. The military, in its wisdom, figured that the cost of trackin down the motorcycles would outweigh any proceeds from their auction and consequently developed an official case of amnesia concerning not only the whereabouts of the bikes, but their existence as well. So there they sit, as they have for 40 years, uninventoried, unaccounted for, and there for the taking.

It's the myth of the Harley Grail, and it has sent countless bros off on quests that have led all over the world. Some leads pointed to the Philippine jungle and a legend of ferocious commie guerrillas who jealously guard their hoard of Lend Lease Yankee treasure. Others placed the elusive Harley stash in a burial mound on a lonely English plain, but in the end, the Eldorado has never been found

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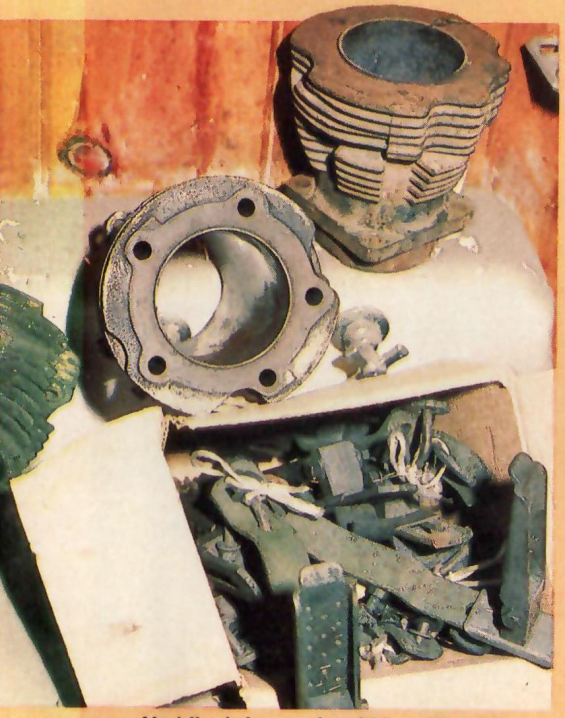
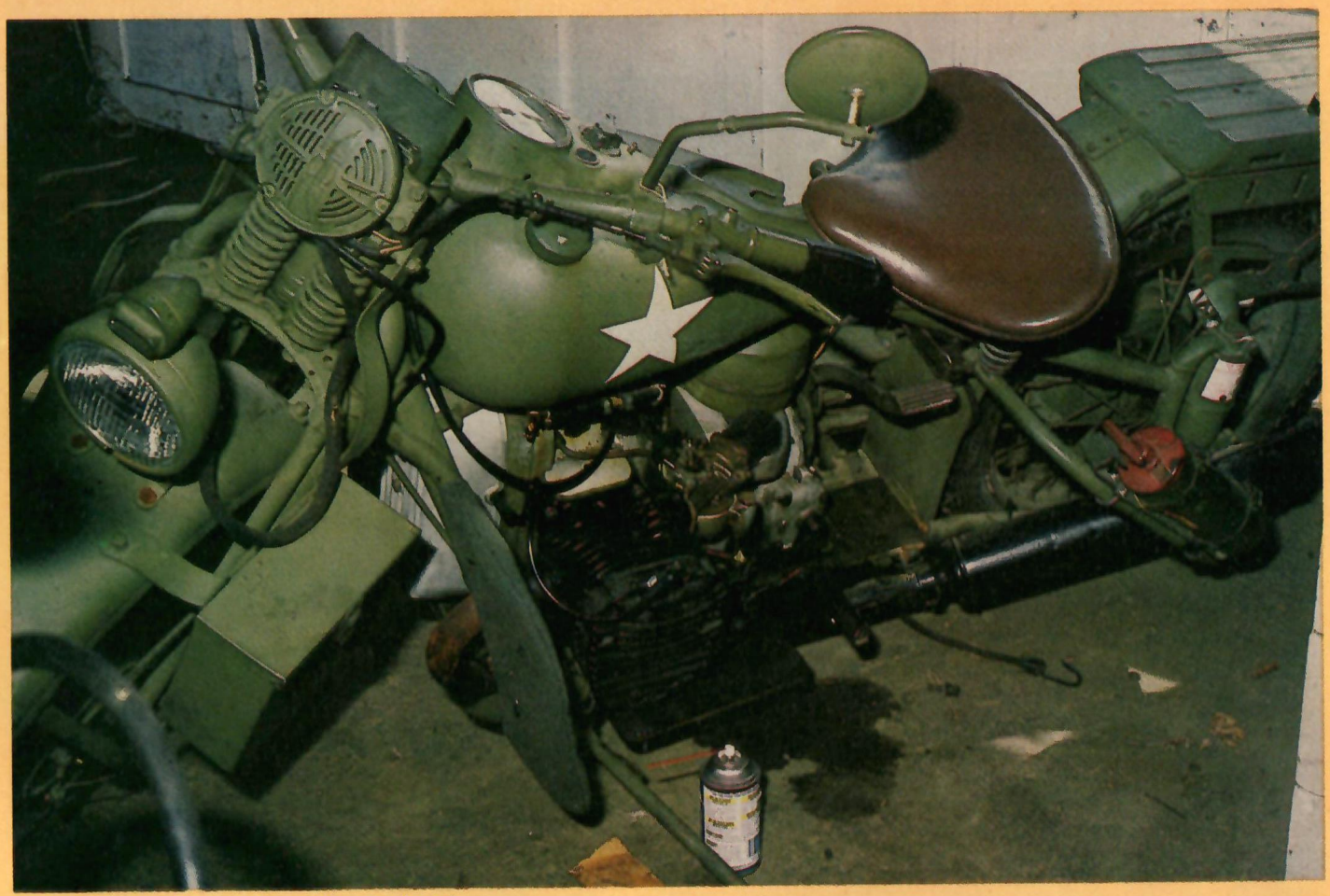


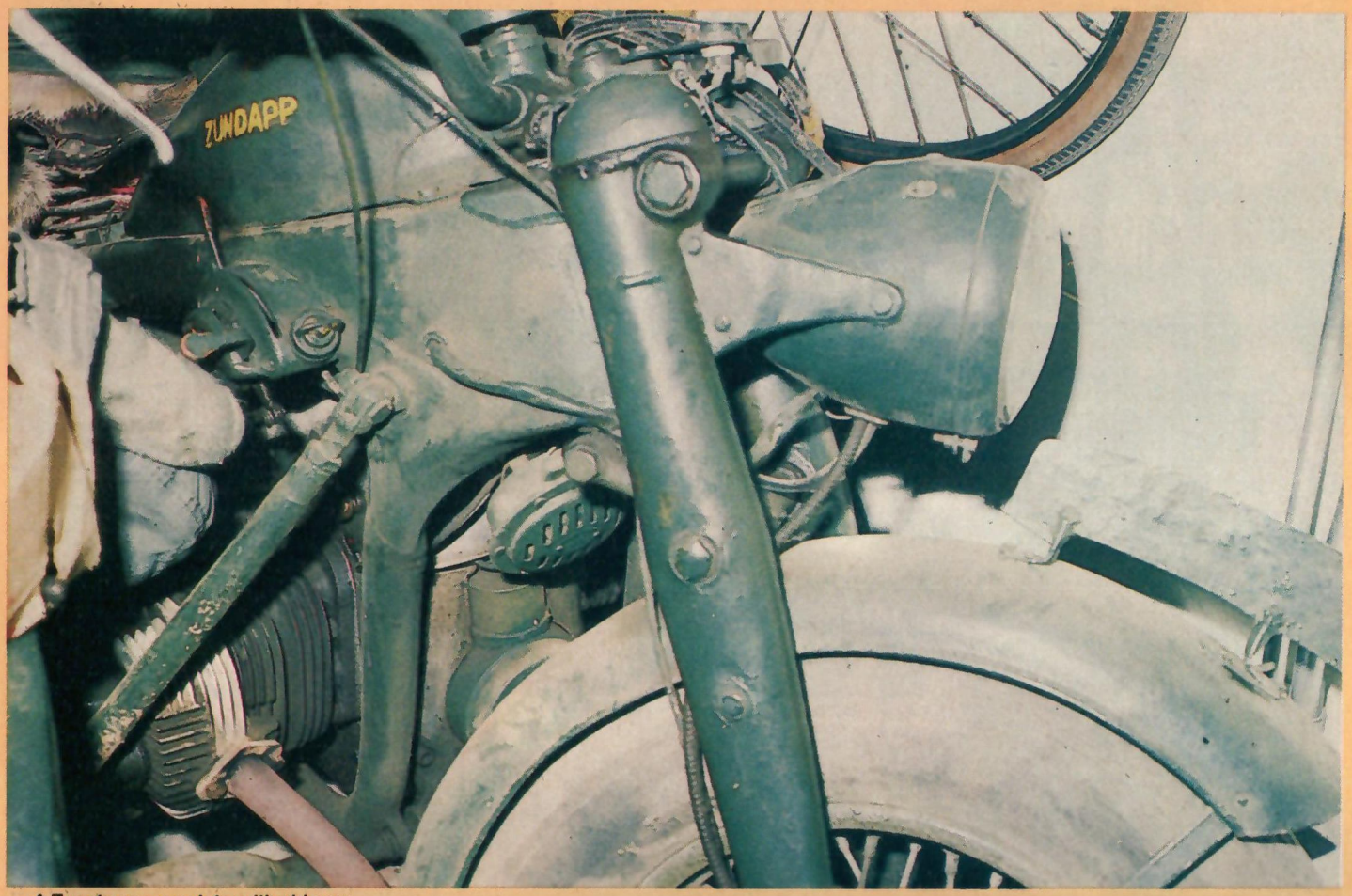
No biker's home should be without it — a bathroom sink full of Knuckle cylinders and NOS footpegs.

80« Flathead pistons; 40 years old but brand new.

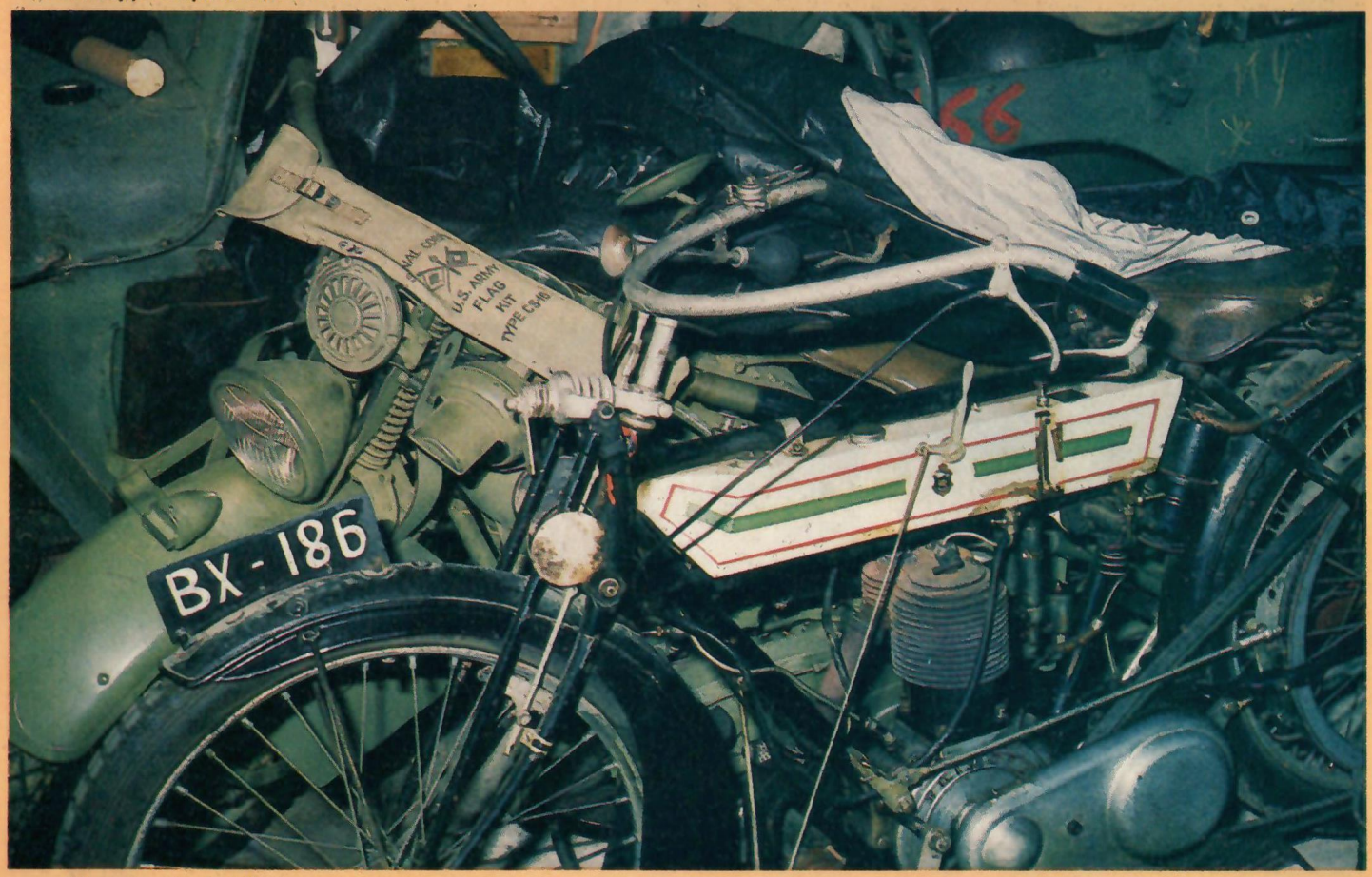


An XA in the works; one of only 1000 produced.

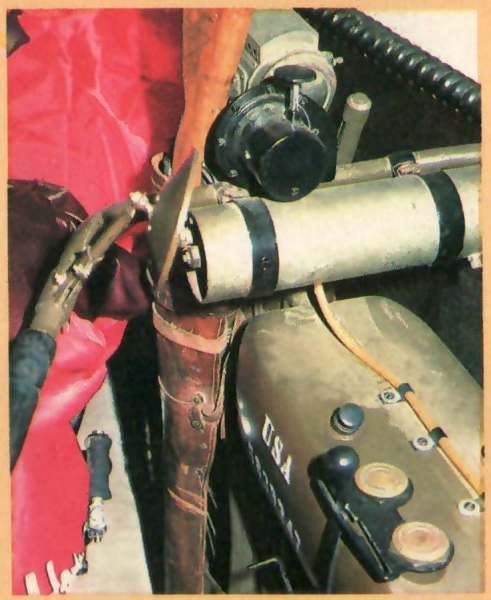
An Aerial Square Four

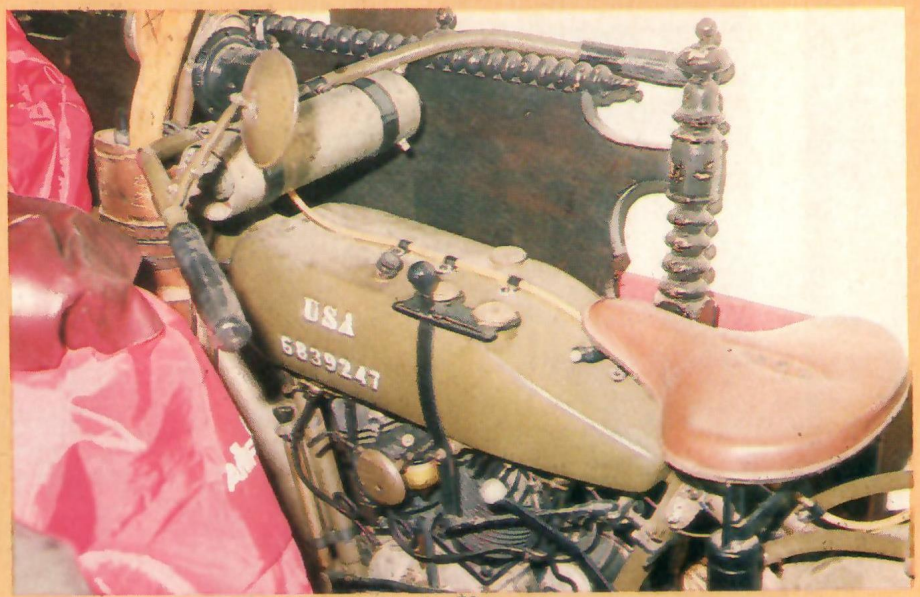


A Zundapp complete with sidecar.

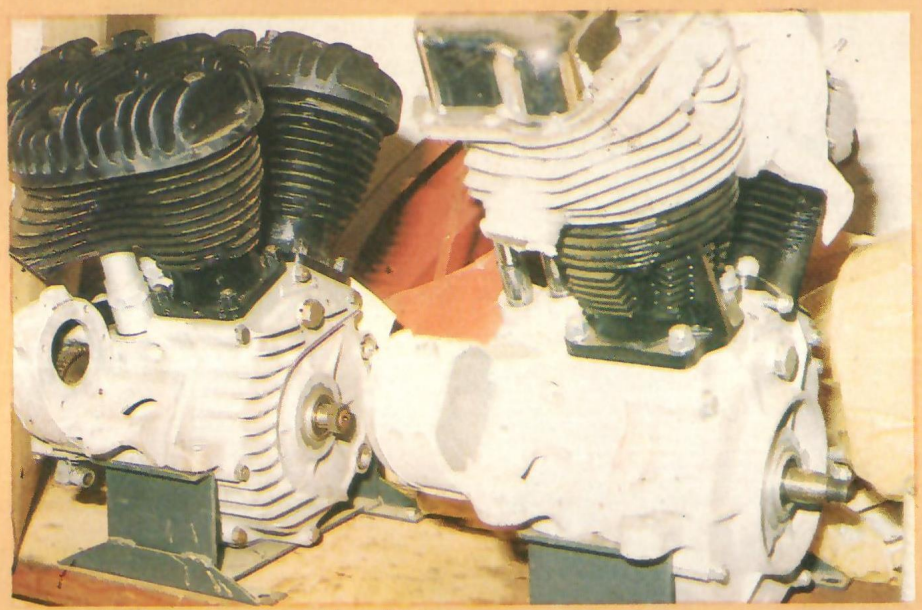


When was the last time you saw a leather belted Trumpet?



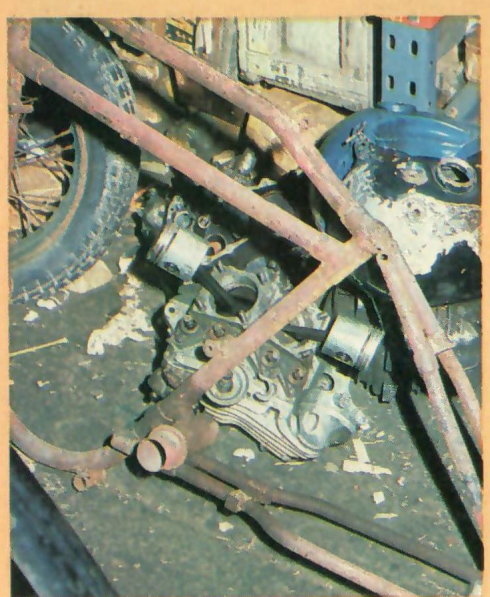


WWI Indian still ready for the warpath after 70 years.



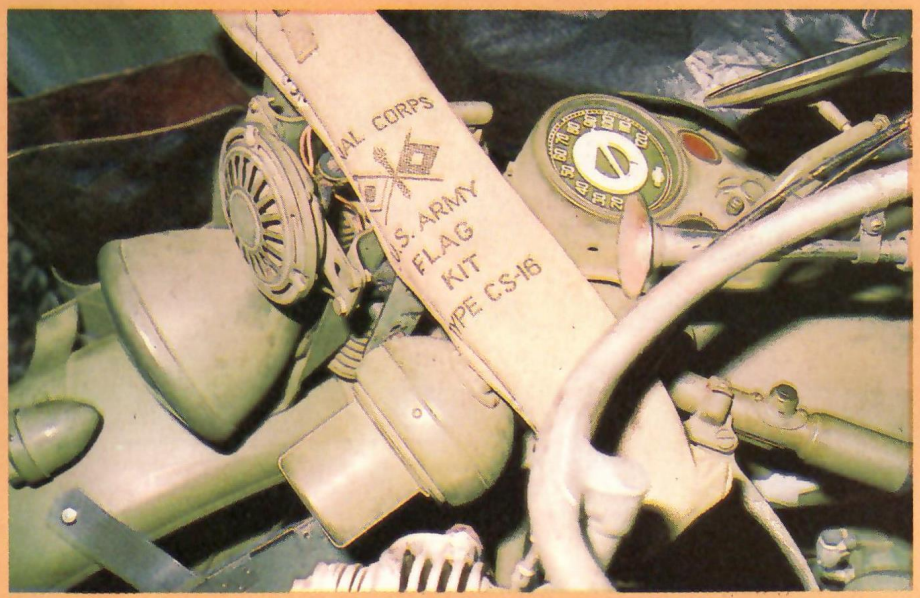
Anybody need a spare 45« or Pan motor?

Every biker's Christmas, still packed in cosmoline.



H-D frame from the teens.

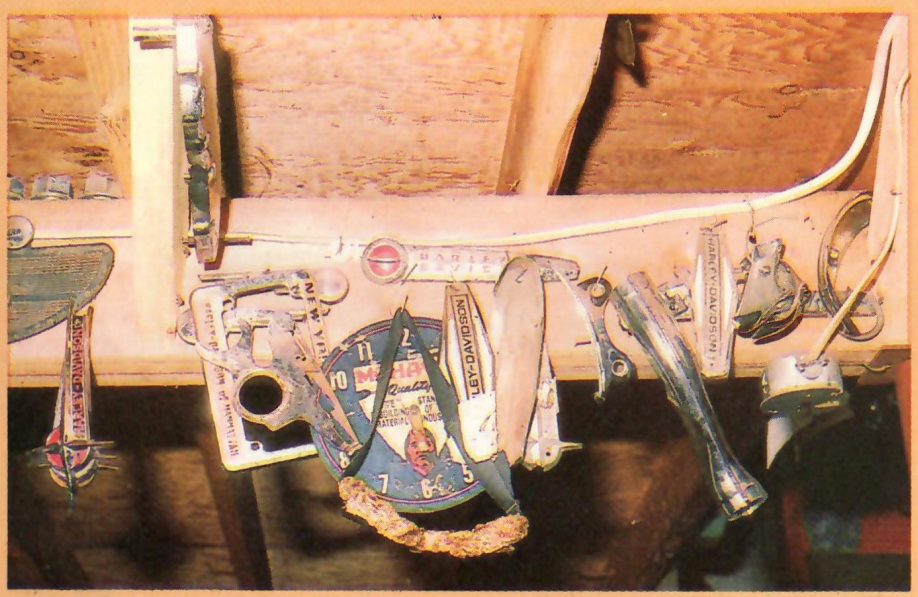
David suffers from acute "Flathead Fever", these tanks were on his 80 incher.



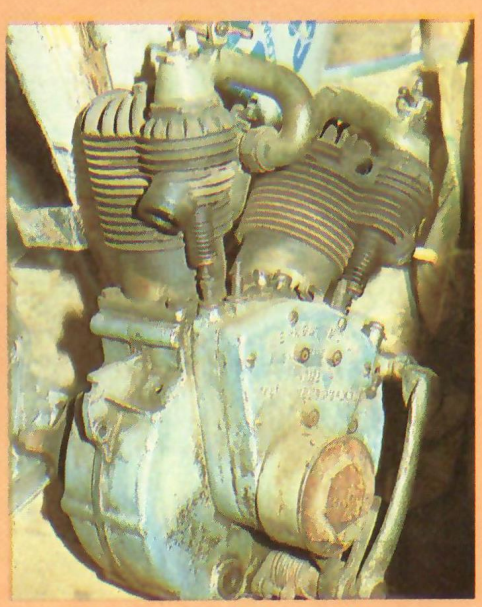
A brand new WLA.

An original Lend Lease sticker.

See anything ya like?



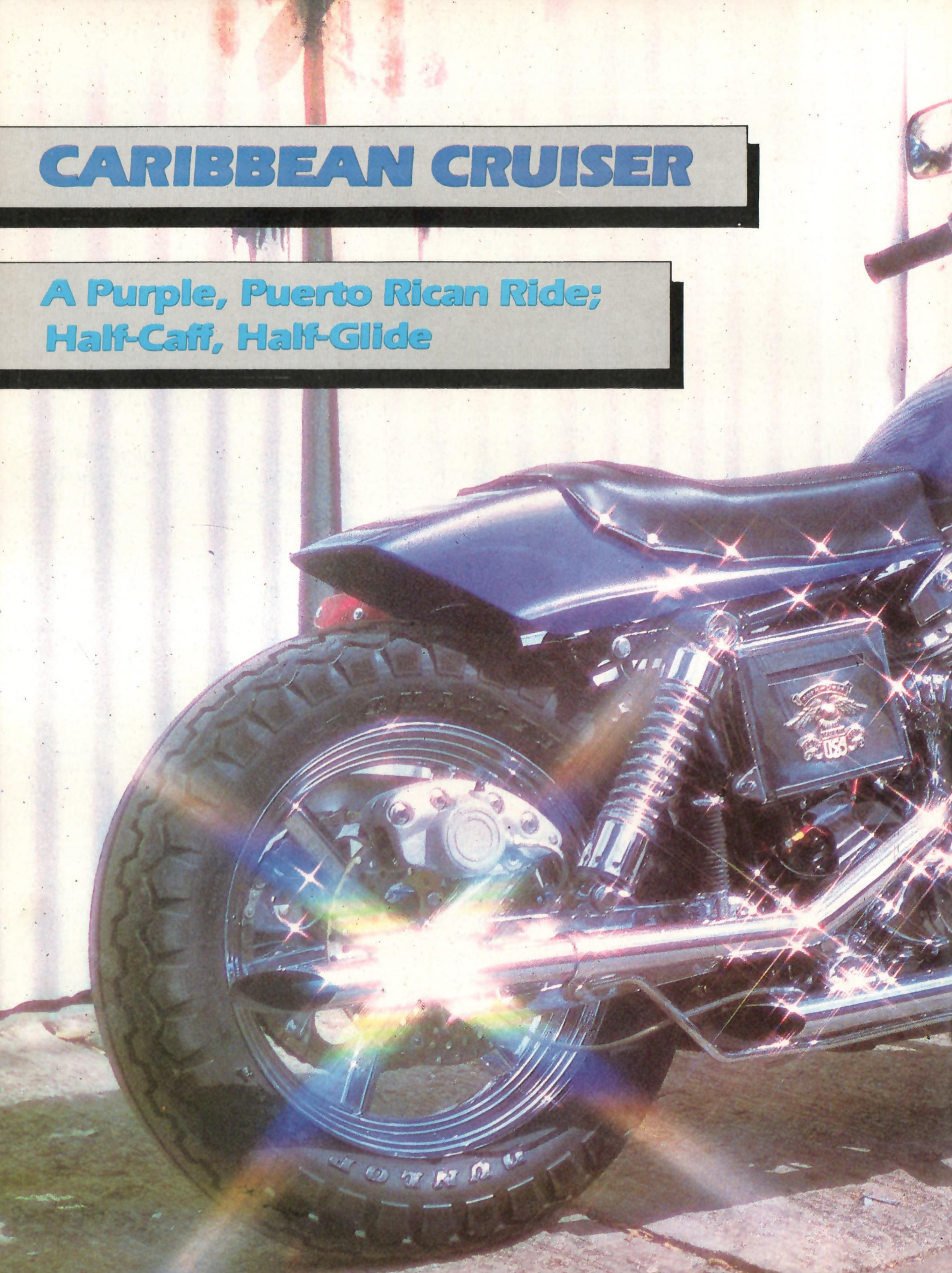
Original tank badges.



A Flying Merkel mill, temporarily grounded.

CARIBBEAN CRUISER

A Purple, Puerto Rican Ride; Half-Caff, Half-Glide

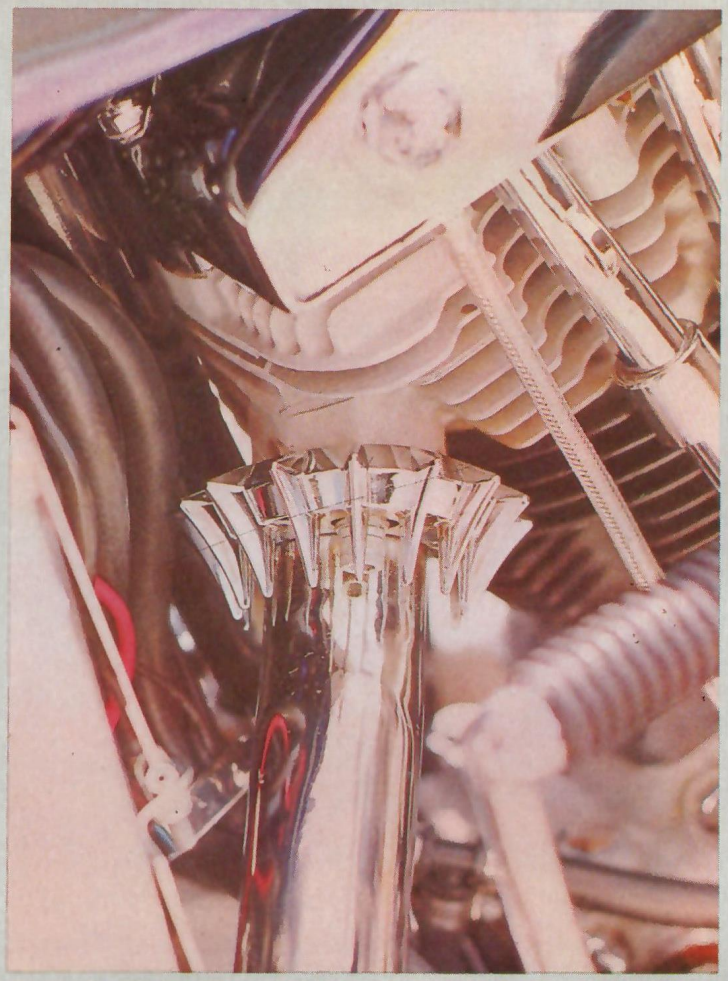


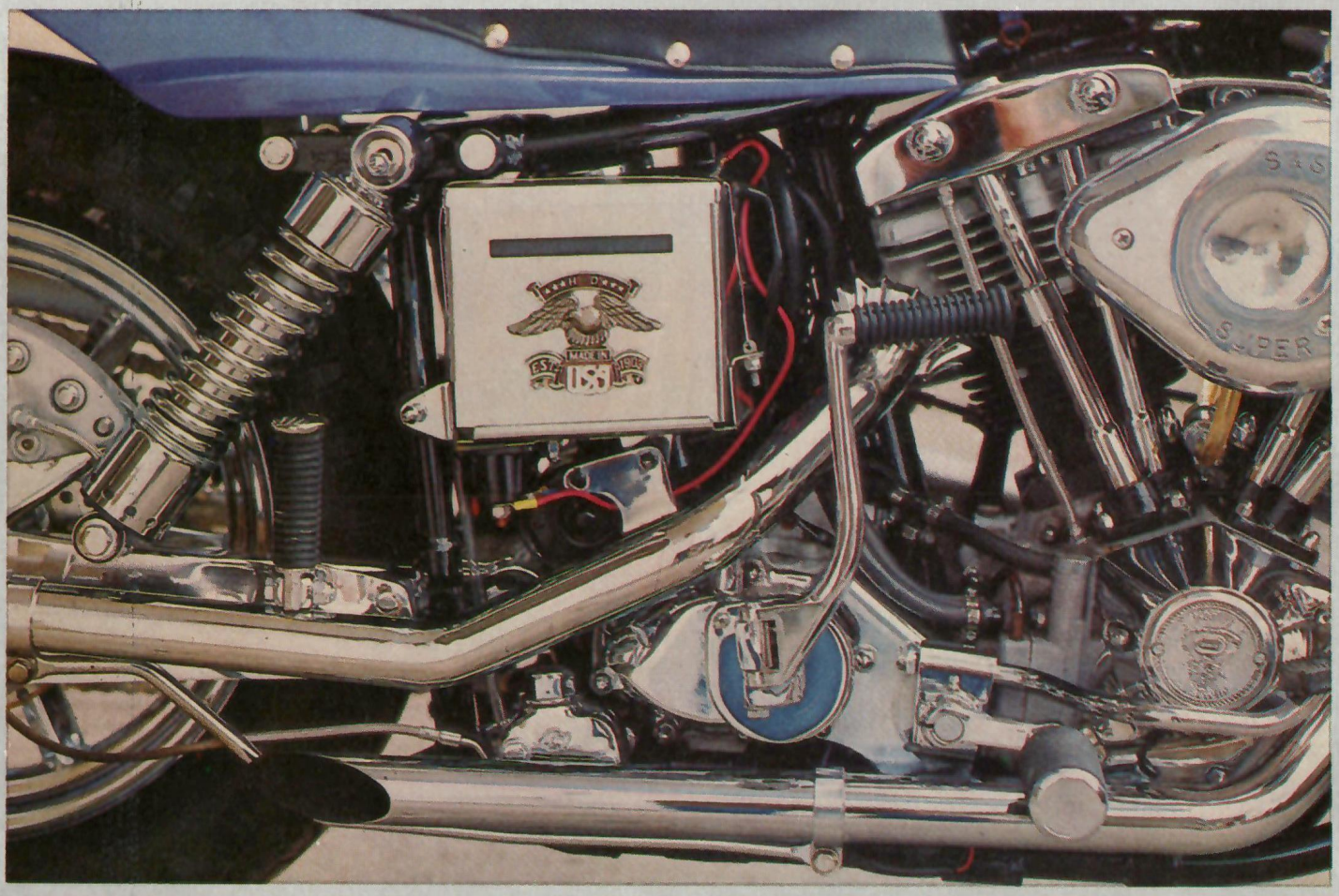
A good lookin Mag can cut across any kinda language barrier which is lucky for me since I was targeted to call up H-D of Puerto Rico to get the lowdown on this bike. To say the due I talked to over the phone had an accent is putting it mildly — it was so thick that ya couldn't cut it with an oxy-acetylene torch. Course it coulda been my fault, spendin the weekend ridin and partyin, celebratin the first decent puttin weather of the spring and draggin my ass in at 12:30 Monday afternoon . . . shit, my ears were still ringin from the wind and road noise. When Wolfman gave me the phone number in P.R. I had to read his lips to figure out what I was supposed to do, and let me tell ya, ya couldn't ask for a more unsavory

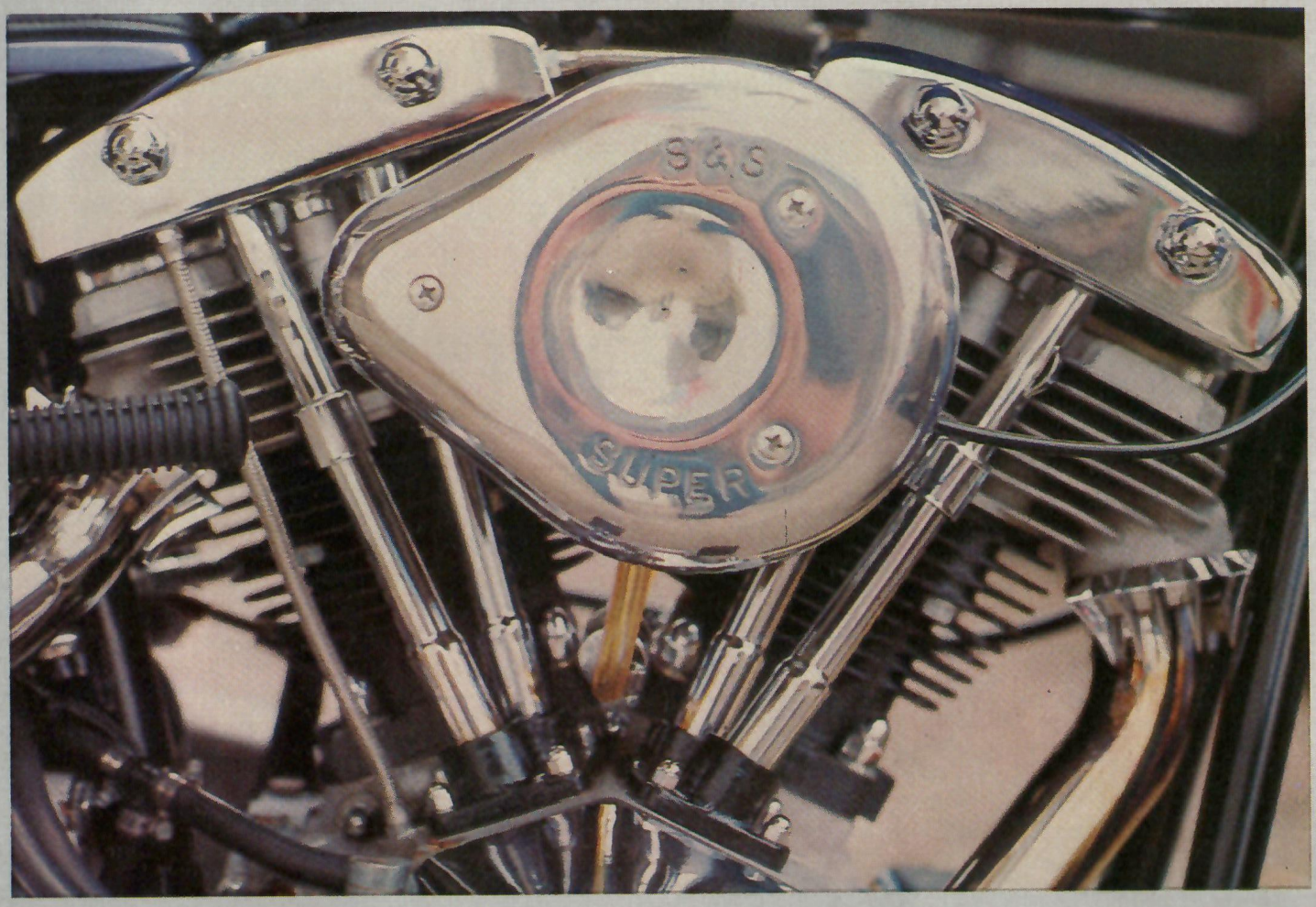
Words by Grub
Photos by W.W.

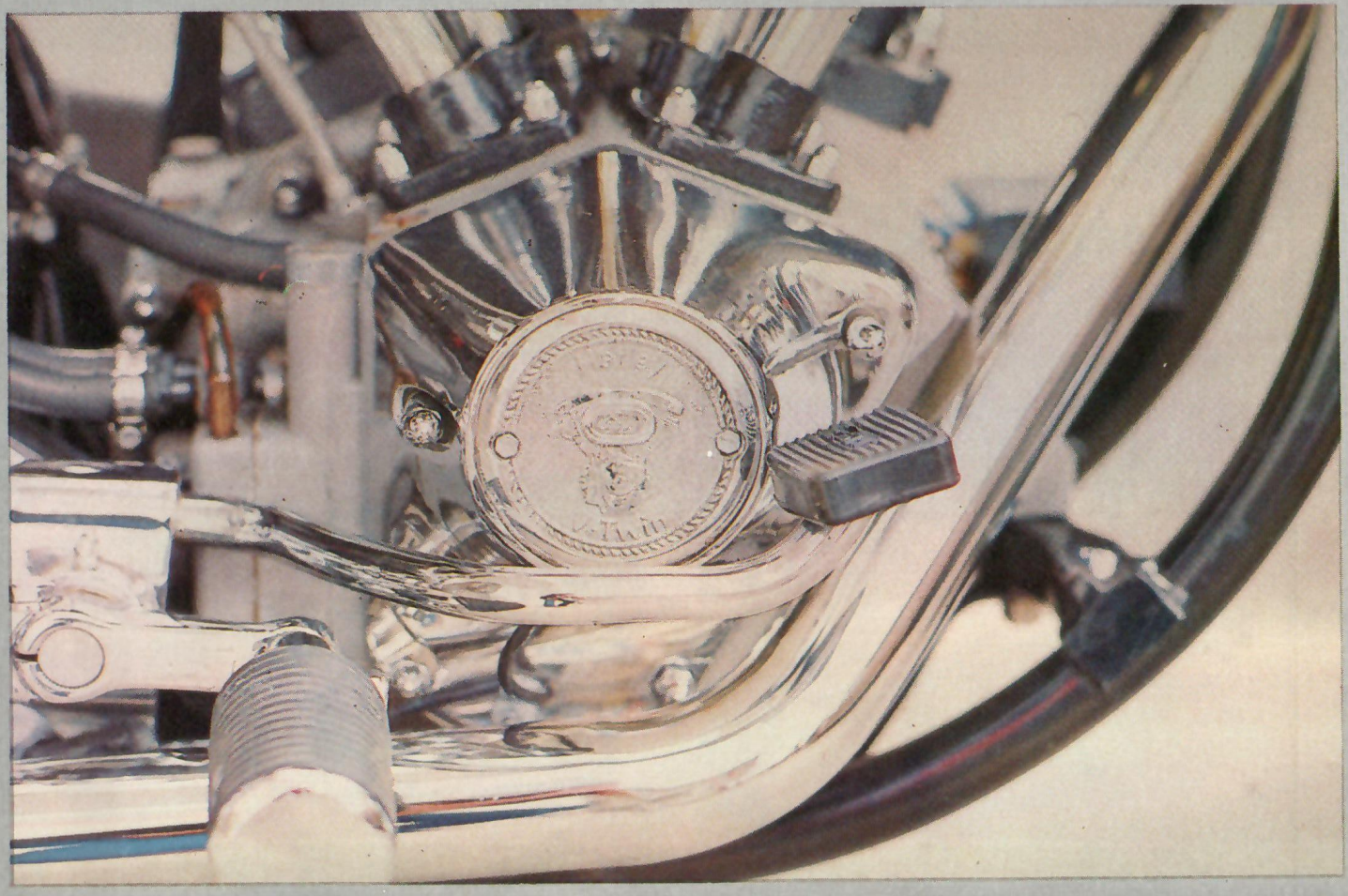
chore than to enter the vaporization zone of Wolfman's breath on a Monday. Bein downwind of a Russian meltdown is a picnic compared to getting caught in the nerve gas cloud that emanates outta his trap after it's been percolatin in his guts durin a weekend of heavy self abuse. One whiff is enough to straighten out the most dedicated substance abuser, sendin em straight to the nearest Salvation Army depot for redemption.

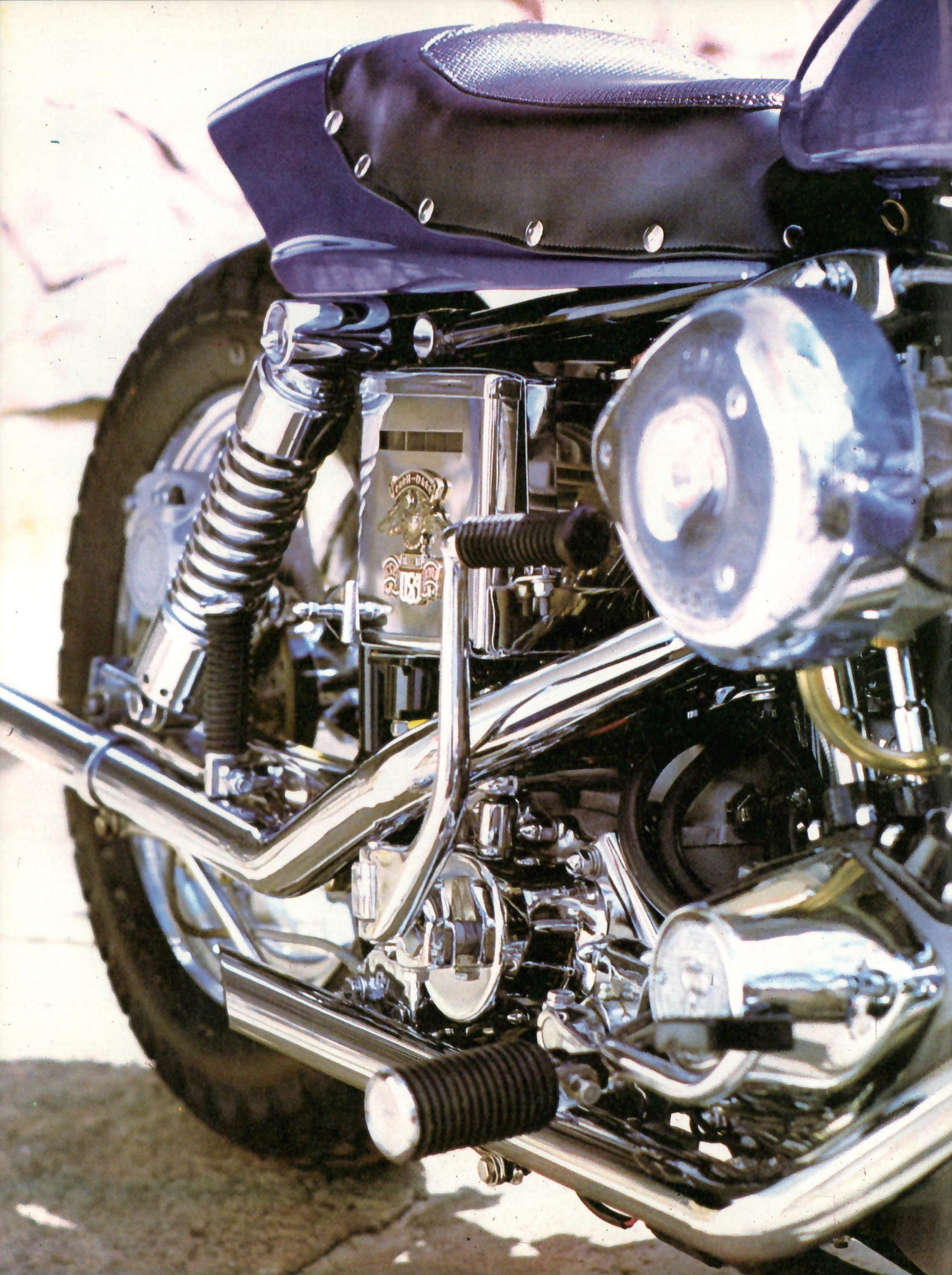
Well, anyway, I get my assignment for the day and commence to check out W.W. flicks of the Super Glide with the XR tail. Nice clean ride, but nothin super special. Must be a trick motor or somethin but no; upon gettin the specs from Raoul Barquet at H-D of Puerto Rico we find out that what ya see is what ya get — a Super Glide with an XR tail. Now, maybe I coulda missed somethin in the translation or maybe the ringin in my head could've eliminated some crucial cyclin info, but I doubt it. I think we've got a pretty ordinary Hog here, with the accent on pretty. But like I said, a good lookin Hog is a good lookin Hog in any language.

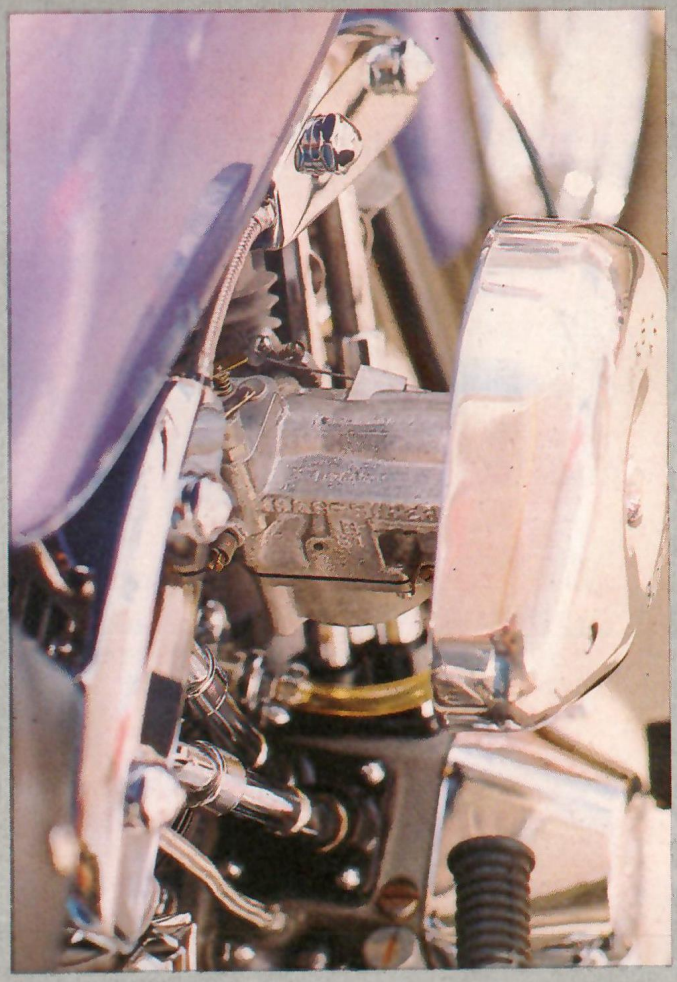


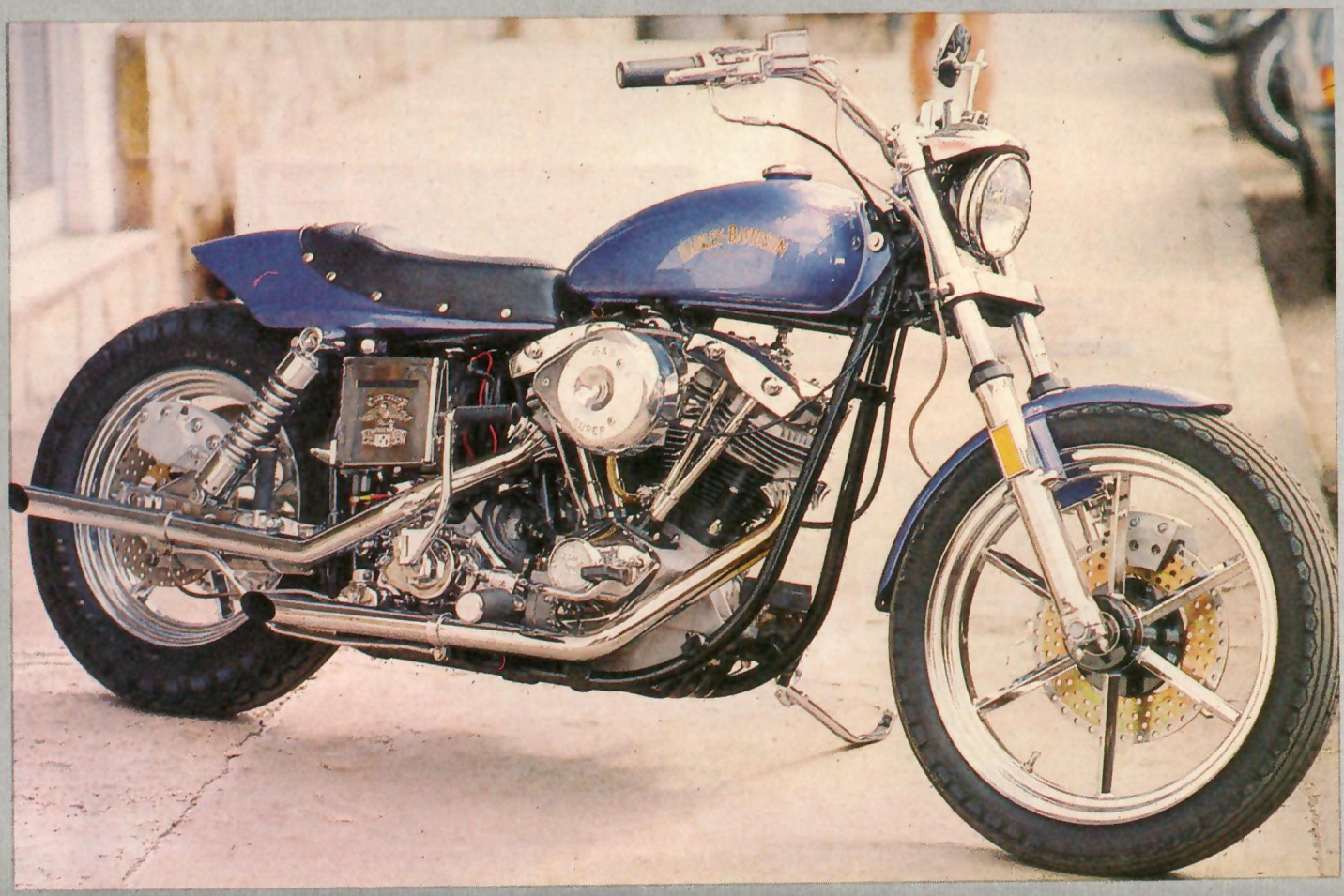


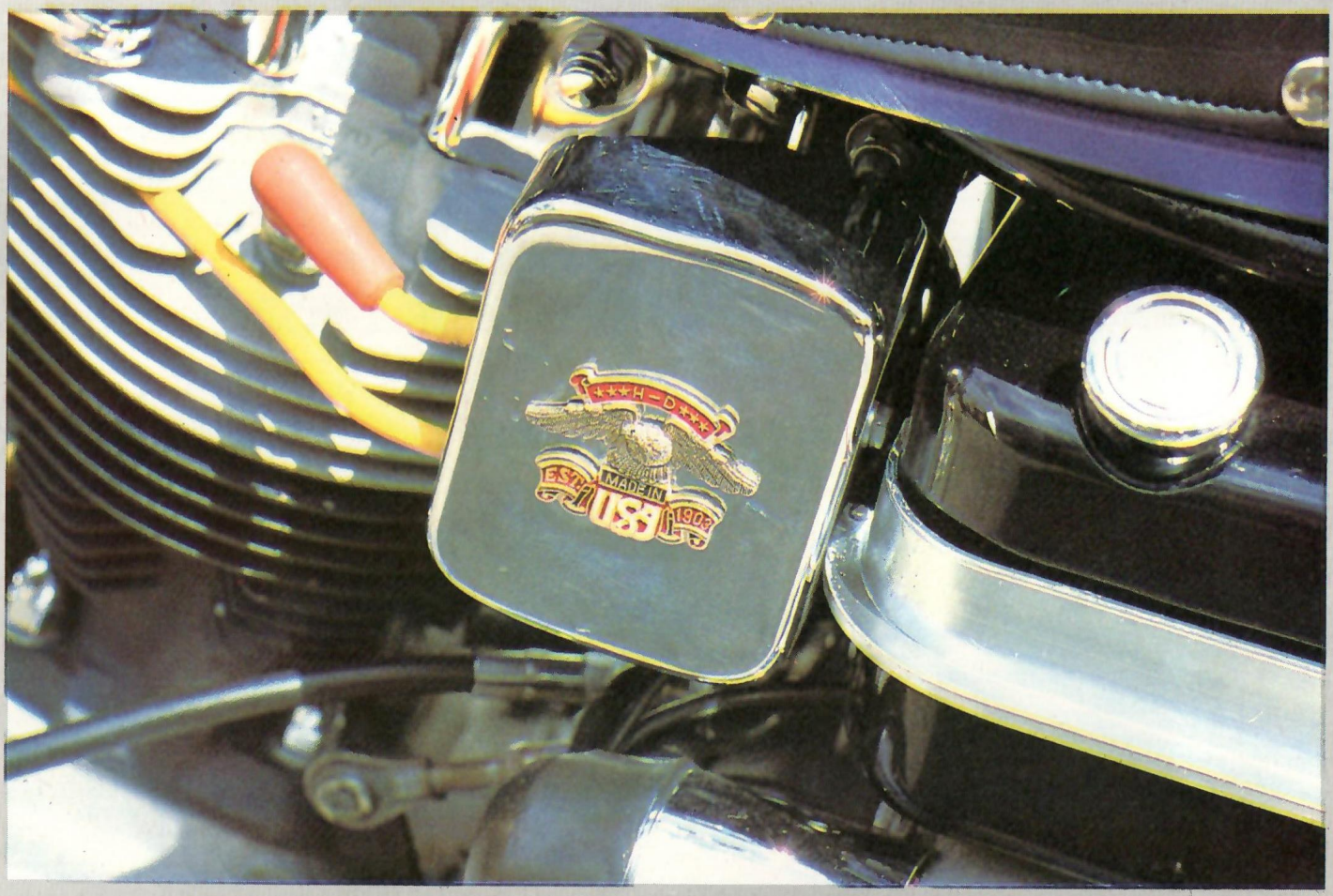

S&S
SUPER










H-D
MADE IN
USA
1903

Tech Sheet

Owner: Edwin Lugo
City: Bo Dajaos, PR

General
Fabrication by: Harley-Davidson of Puerto Rico
Year and make: 1977 H-D
Model: Super Glide
Value: $5500
Assembly by: H-D of P.R.
Chroming:

Engine
Year: 1977
Model: FX
Rebuilder: H-D of P.R.
Ignition: Battery/coil
Displacement: 1340cc
Lower End: H-D
Balancing: H-D of P.R.
Pistons: Stock
Cases: Stock
Heads: Ported & Polished
Cams: Andrews
Lifters: Solids
Carbs: S&S
Air Cleaner: S&S
Pipes: Drag
Mufflers: None

Frame
Year: 1977
Builder: H-D
Type: FX
Rake: Stock
Stretch: Stock
Other Alterations: None

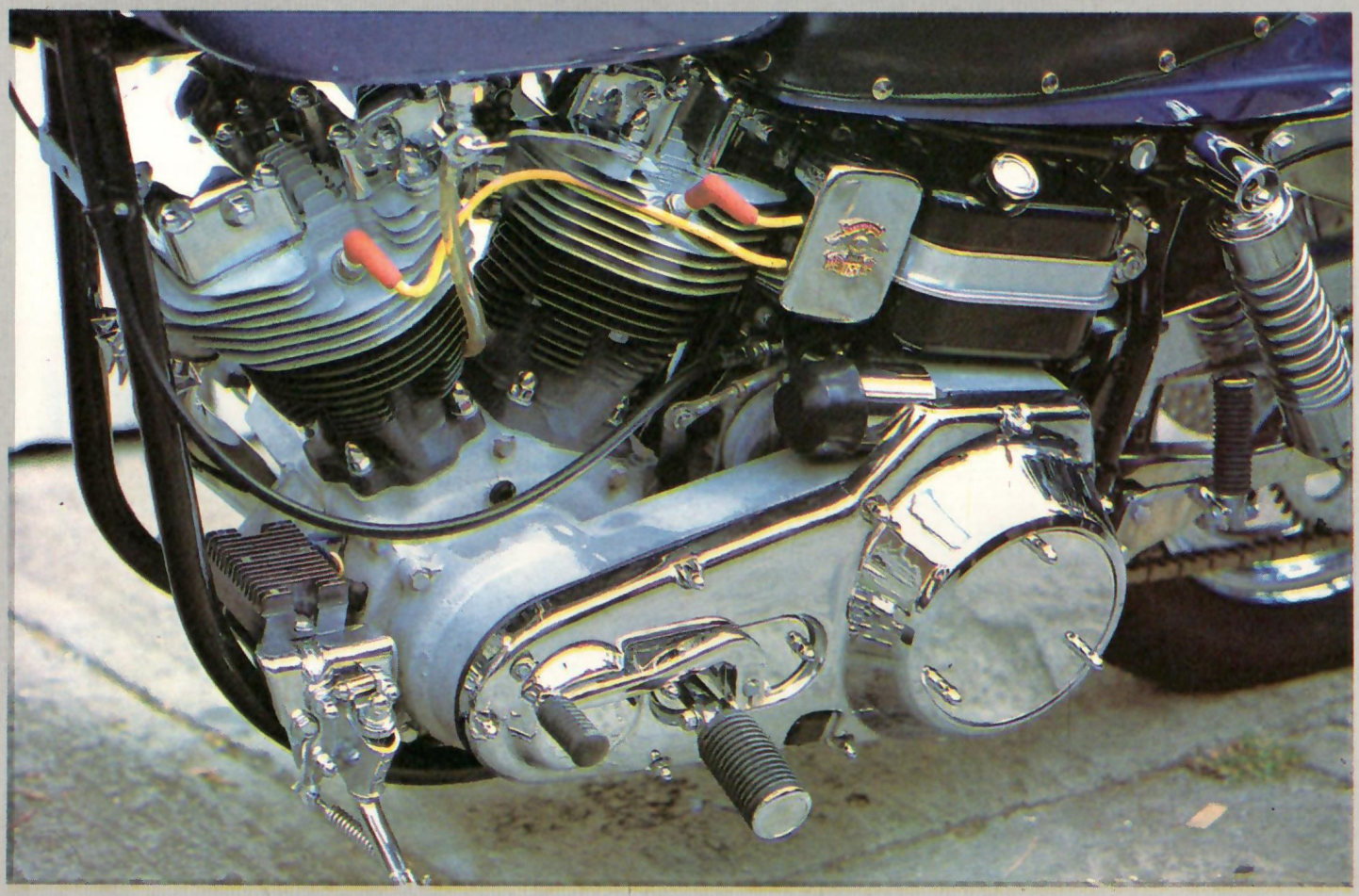
Accessories:
Bars: XR
Risers: H-D
Fenders: Front: Wide Glide; Rear: XR
Headlight: H-D
Taillight: Side mount
Speedo: None
Front Pegs: H-D
Rear Pegs: H-D
Electrics: Stock
Gas Tank: Super Glide
Oil Tank: Stock
Oil System: Stock
Primary Cover: H-D
Seat: XR

Tranny
Modifications: All Andrews
Year: '77
Shifting: Toe

Painting
Molding: None
Painter: H-D of P.R.
Color: Purple
Type Imron
Special Paint: None

Forks
Type: Narrow
Extension: None
Builder: H-D
Special Features: None

Wheels
Front Wheel: 19"
Rear Wheel: 16"
Front Hub: H-D
Rear Hub: H-D
Front Tire: Dunlop
Rear Tire: Dunlop Qualifier
Front Brake: H-D disc
Rear Brake: H-D disc



RAIDER OF THE LOST HOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

once and for all. Maybe it never will be. But it's probably a safe bet that you couldn't come any closer to the fabled Harley hoard than at a small town not 25 miles from the sprawling insanity of New York City.

Who would've thought that in sleepy Spring Valley, NY, you'd run into the stuff dreams are made of? A place where the myths have become reality? Where every true Harley rider's rainbow ends at the pot of gold located at David Sarafan's garage.

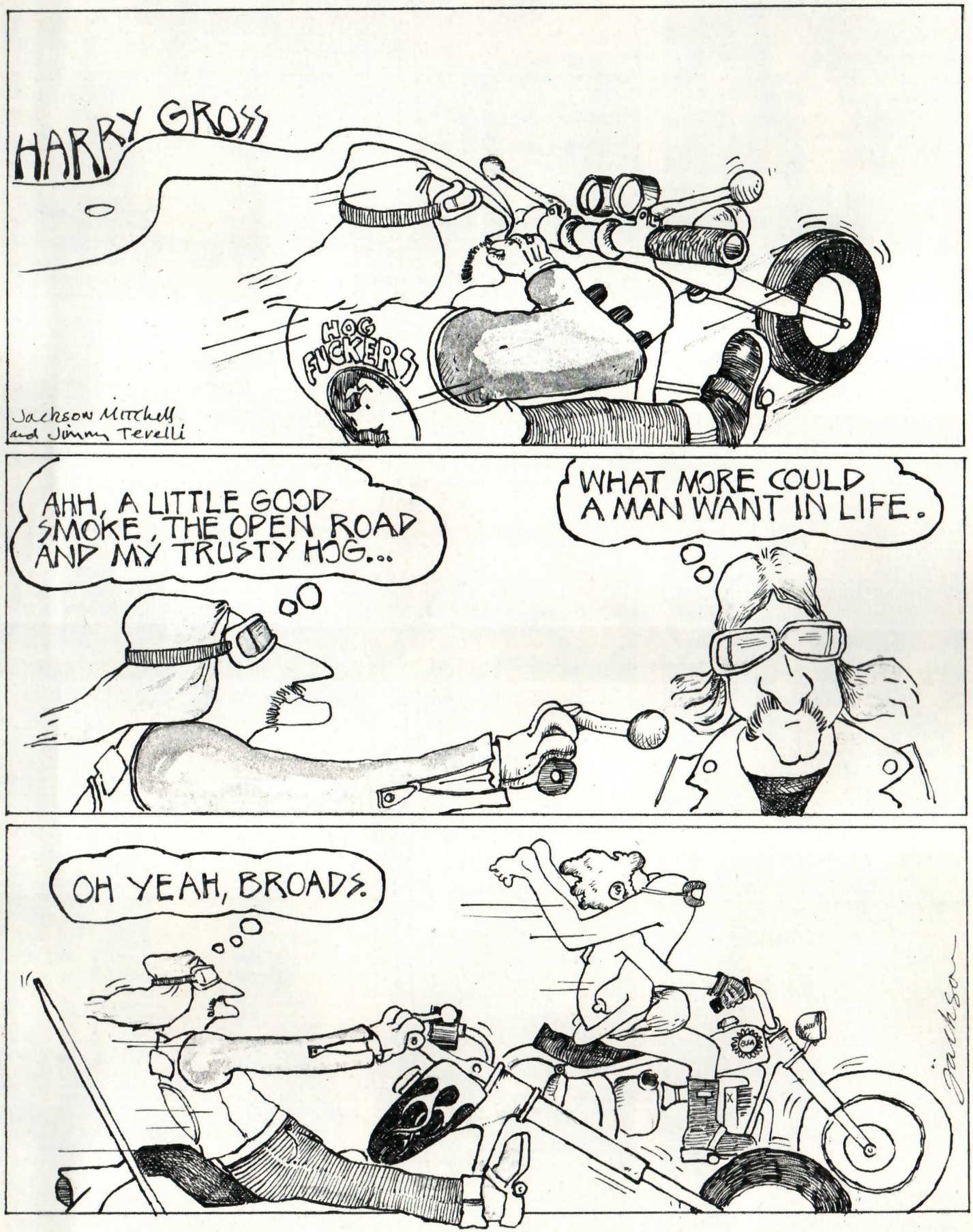
However, to the unitiated, the unbiker (read: Jap-rider), the treasure trove at Sarafan's might look more like a pot of junk in some cases, rather than a pot of gold, but that'd be an ignorant response to these beautiful remnants of yesteryear. An inability to recognize the wealth beneath the rust and cosmoline. It takes a trained eye and a sense of history to appreciate just how special Sarafan's garage really is, and even the greenest newcomer to the Harley scene has got to admit that something definitely out of the ordinary is going on especially when he turns the corner of the driveway and finds himself staring down the 75mm barrel of the Sherman tank standin guard in the front yard. The 20 ton sentry is fully operational; its engine is cranked up at least once a month, and more than one slimey rip off artist has had a change of heart after being shelled with ammo that was live during the Battle of the Bulge. It's funny how a 75mm hole in the head can straighten out even the most crooked of attitudes, and one thing a thief *does not* want to do is to fuck around a place famous for its WWII surplus. I ain't sayin there are booby traps, but ya never know what David has come across while rummagin through crates that were hastily packed at the end of the war and remained uninspected for over 40 years. Use your imagination.

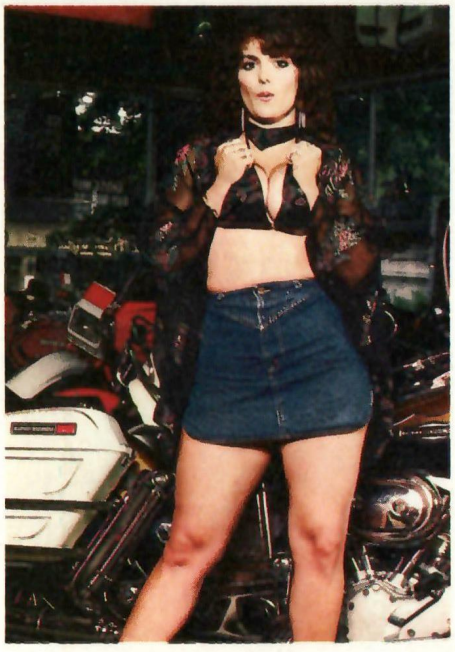
Anyhow, David supplied the Shermans for the movie "Tank" (one of the few flicks that featured bikers as the good guys), and he even had four at one time, but now is down to just the one. He also had a jet fighter in his anti-theft arsenal, but had to get rid of it when the neighbors stared complainin about the sonic booms. Armored cars and jeeps are in big supply and in various stages of disrepair. All are from the WWII era and most of em show it, but none are beyond the curative grasp of a skilled restoration. One of these myth makers is a WWII jeep so mint that some of its engine components are still packed in cosmoline. It's never been started and David has been offered ten grand for the time machine, but turned it down. That's just one of the many mind blowers at Sarafan's; it seems that everywhere ya look, your brain's gonna get bent by the sight of some ancient artifact — some lookin as old as the hills and others that seem to have rolled out of the 1940's and into the 80's with nary a wrinkle in their paint jobs.

Take, for example, the XLA shaftie sittin in his showroom. One of only a thousand that were produced during the war and modeled after captured kraut BMWs, the XLA was an experimental desert bike. When the North African campaign came to a close, research was halted on the bike and production discontinued. The WLA 45 handled the rest of the war, along with the rarer military Knuckles and UL Flatheads. You'd be hard pressed to find a more cherry, detailed example of this machine even in a museum. Sarafan, armed with the original manuals to these military Harleys, and in some cases technical specs info that even the Motor Company no longer has access to, is probably building the most accurate restorations of these bikes than anyone else in the world. His sources are seemingly limitless, and if the original part just cannot be found (if David can't find it, *nobody can) David has the resource and technical info available to reproduce an exact* copy of the original. We're not talkin some stamped out Hong Kong shit here, Sarafan's Repros have quality and integrity welded into every seam and fit without any hassle or heartache. Sarafan's genuine love of the machines is built into his repro parts and his knowledge of his business is absolute and contains zero bullshit. If you're into this scene, he's the man to see.

But shit, you're probably scoopin out the flicks and askin just how the hell does anybody find *unopened* Lend Lease crates of H-D parts, and why wasn't it me? Well the answer is simple enough — if your family had been in the military surplus business for the past 100 years, you'd have the kind of connections capable of trackin down leads and rumors all over the world as well as havin the green to pounce on anything that pans out. Ya do anything for a century and you're bound to get good at it. But that's not the limit of Sarafan's talents, he's also putting out an exhaustive survey of the military Harley that's bound to be the definitive work on the subject. Sadly, Sarafan put the book out with a minimum of assistance from the factory. To put it bluntly, they just didn't give a shit about this guy, unsolicited, putting together a fine pice of work on an important era of the Company's history, one that they should be proud to exploit. However, Sarafan was met with, at the most, indifference to his project, which will be previewed in Iron Horse #62.

In the meantime, feast your eyes on the stuff that dreams are made of, and if you should want to make those dreams come true, contact Sarafan at P.O. Box 293, Spring Valley, NY 10977. □


HARRY GROSS
HOG FUCKERS
Jackson Mitchell and Jimmy Terelli
AHH, A LITTLE GOOD SMOKE, THE OPEN ROAD AND MY TRUSTY HOG...
WHAT MORE COULD A MAN WANT IN LIFE.
OH YEAH, BROADS.
Jackson



FOUND! BIKE WEEK'S BIGGEST BOOBED BARTENDER!

This Daytona Honey Serves Up the Ol One-Two For All the Partyin Bros — Brew and Boobs

Words by Lobo

Photos by Rocco DiRico

Slap us five, bro, we done it again.

Shortly after this year's Daytona party shut down, flicks from the fest begun to filterin' in to our orifice.

Among the slides from Ole Ruff 'n Rottin (that's what we call W.W. of Austin, Texas) was this one singletary shot of a big-titted babe, paradin, her udders in public.

Wolfman immediately jingled Ole R&R and attempted to git the seat cover fer hisself.

W.W. took the fifth.

"Comes Bike Week, I put m' Brownie on automatic pilot and let m' liver do m' livin' fer me. I don't remember that shot a tall."

Bad news fer the Wolfman . . . but not hardly terminal. He did what he always does: ran a plea fer the split-tail's where-abouts in the pages of the rag. And offered a ree-ward.

Five days after the rag come out, Wolfman gets a phone call:

"Hi. It's me, Lisa Lacey, the girl with the big uns yer lookin' fer. What's my ree-ward?"

"Would ya believe five and a half righteous inches and a six-pack of Bud?" sez our editor.

"I would *not*!" sez the drawl on the other end. "Howz 'bout a subscription.?"

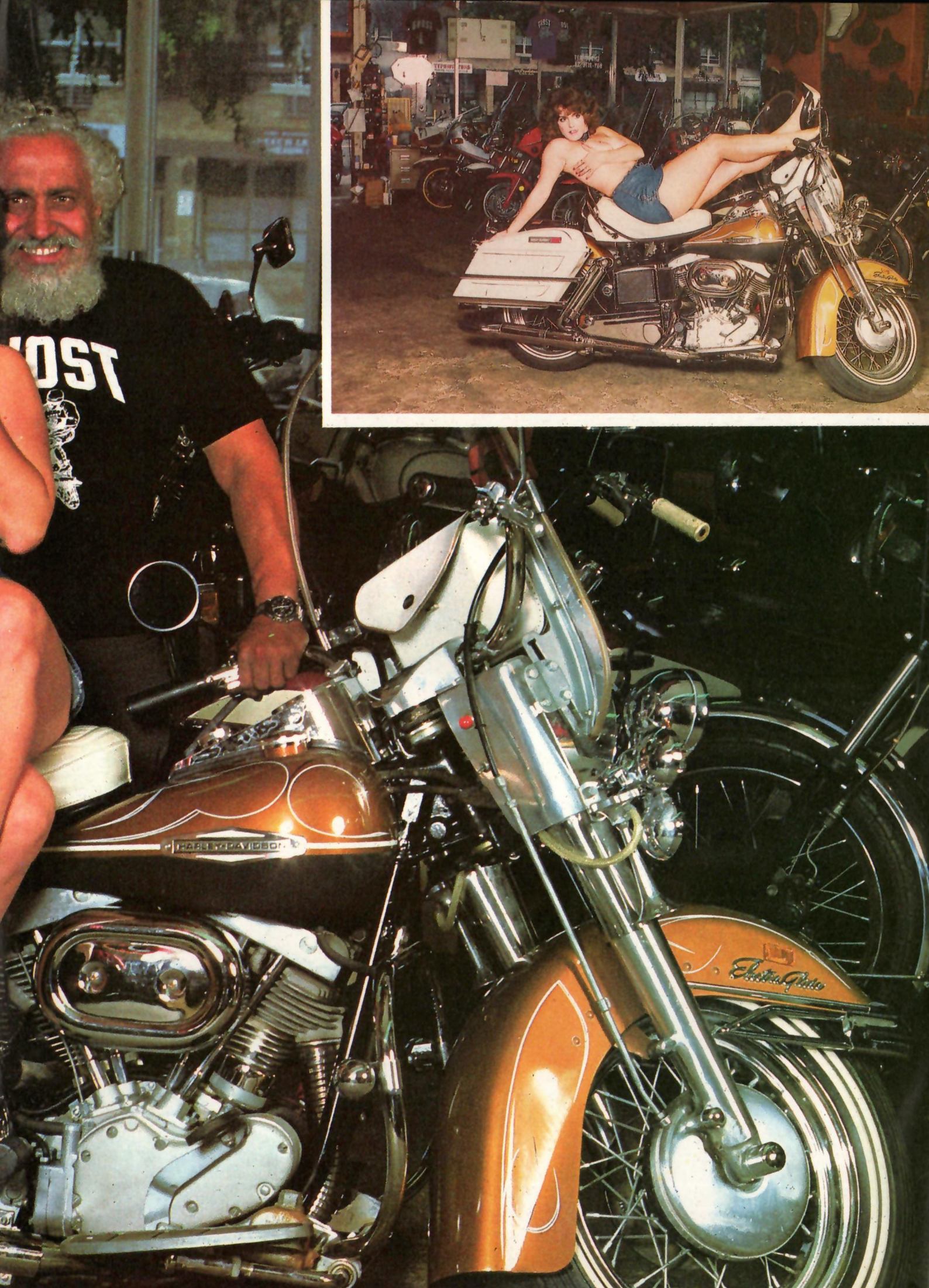
"Yer on!" sez Mr. Nickel-n-Dime.

And that's how we got 21-year-old Lisa Lacey to cum to New York and pose buckass nude on Sal the Ghost's '69 classic shovel.

Turns out the lushly endowed Ms. Lacey is a Daytona resident and well-known local titty dancer who worked this year, fer the first time, as a waitress and bartender at Dirty Harry's durin' Bike Week.

"Usually I can be found at the Club Teddybear," Lisa told us. "But this year, after bein' on the fringes of Bike Week fer five years, I decided to jump right into the crotch of the whole deal. Dirty Harry's really hums on Bike Week.

"I'm addicted to it now. I made killer bucks and there was none of the trouble I'd been hearin' so much about. Everybody's cool and there's a great atmosphere overall. I'll be back at Dirty Harry's booze stand again next year. Shit, that guy Joe who manages it, is one horse of a boy."


HARLEY-DAVIDSON
Electra Glide

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Where was the best party in '86? we asked her.

"Look, 'bout the third night I met this fantastic stud from Colorado and the rest of the week is pretty much of a blur. Like gettin' my picture took by W.W. I musta been totally blind when he did that. anyhow, I do remember one whammer-jammer of a party at Smiley's Taproom. But they're all good parties on bike week."

Lisa has two tats — a heart in vines over her right knocker and a butterfly ("a symbol of my free spirit") on one shoulder. They were done by Falcon Freddie of Michigan and Stano, a local skin artist in Daytona.

Four years ago, she married a wannabe (he's long gone now) but she had total disdain fer her old man's Sporty.

"My favorite ride was a '49 pan that me and another boyfriend from my hometown of Cincinnati (he was an Iron Horseman) put together ourselves. Get this — the bike had been completely taken apart and each piece was individually wrapped and stored in this old man's garage. The old man had somehow figgered that if he kept it in cherry condition long enough, it's be worth somethin someday. We got it fer somethin like $1200."

How'd ya help assemble it? we asked her.

"I rubbed Frank's back and sucked his nuts an kept him goin', okay? . . . Anyhow, I love pans. I had another buddy who wrecked on a 750 Honda and lost his leg and used the insurance to buy a fire-engine red pan with a suicide shift. He rode it with his wooden-leg on the pegs and me on the back and after we got off, he used that ole wooden leg on me and we'd get off again!"

Right now, the onliest thing that's gettin' off is the staff of this rag while we review the shots of large-lunged Lisa, the biggest-boobed barmaid of Bike Week '86. Lisa, yer sub is on the way and we'll just hold the five-'n-a-half inches til next year. See ya at Dirty Harry's!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

GHOST'S GOLDEN

Sal Digs Up Yet Another Blast From The Past

SHOVEL

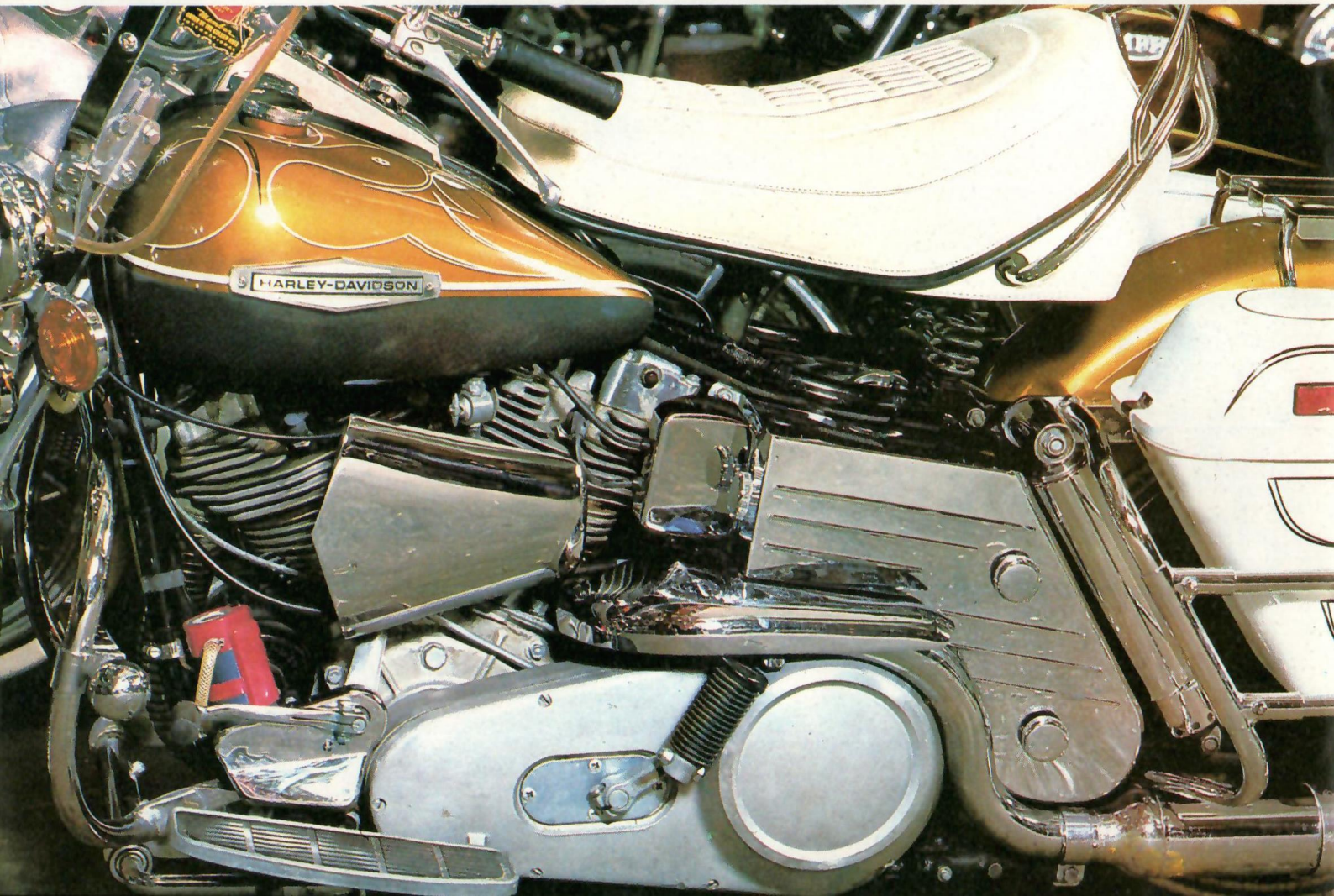
Words by Grub

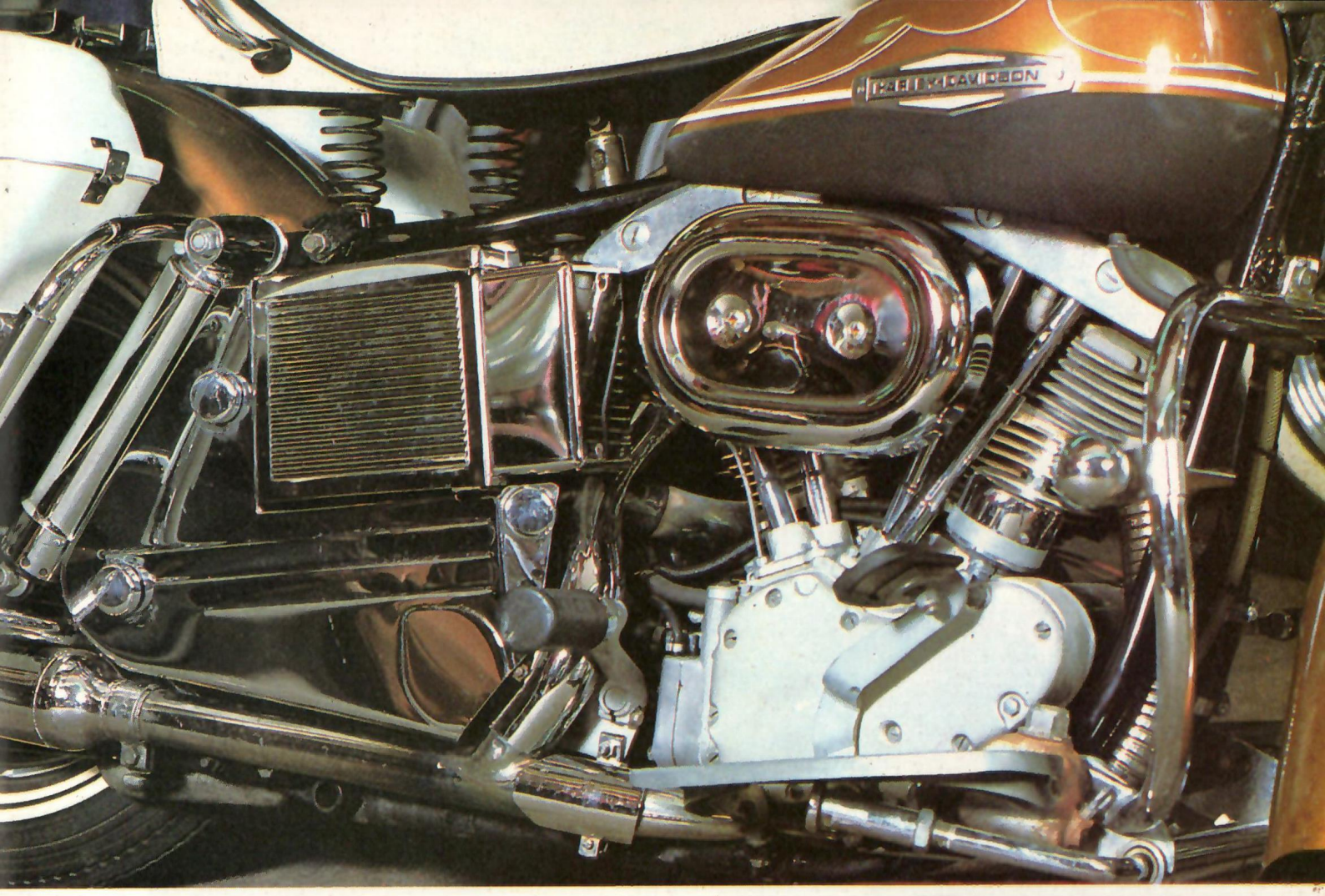
Photos by Rocco DiRico

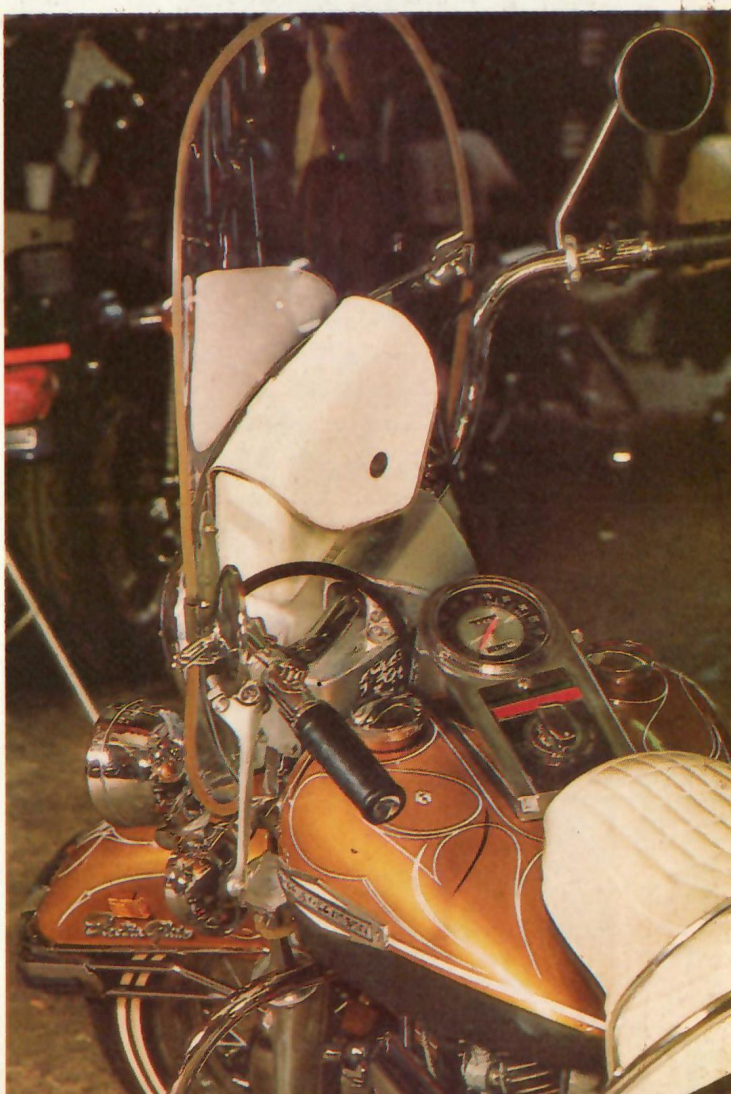
Ghost Motorcycles, that legendary citadel of ancient iron in Port Washington, NY, is home to Long Island's premier biker guru, the silver haired Sal who's got an amazin talent for turnin up some priceless bikin type objects d'art, which is French for "tasty putts". Sal's latest find is this showroom fresh "69 Electra Glide, sort of like the other side of the coin to Dean Chapman's '68 FLH. The '69 is bone stock and is as new as a 17 year old scoot can get. Since Sal specializes in turnin up vintage, yet mint motorcycles, there's no costly restoration involved and he's able to pass the saving's on to his luck customers.

The Golden Shovel is a prime example. The original owner bought it, cherried it out with some chrome and custom paint, rode it a coupla times, and then used it to help hold his garage floor down for the next fifteen years, until Sal got wind of it and scarfed it up for his Ghostly line of putts. It's the familiar story of the guy who gets the motorcycle bug and jumps into the lifestyle feet first and then gets tired of the whole thing when the next toy catches his eye. So his scoot sits languishin, waitin for its owner to come around. The guy won't sell it cause he thinks he's gonna get back on it next season, but it never happens, he's too busy with his new boat or whatever. Eventually he just forgets about the bike sittin under the tarp, until the ol lady starts naggin his ass to get rid of it. Now this is where the talent comes in ... how does Sal manage to scarf up this sled before it hits the classifieds or even sits out on the front lawn with a "for sale" sign on it? If I know that I sure as hell wouldn't be writin about guys who can do it. The man must be psychic — they gotta have a reason to call him Ghost. □

N Y
PLA 7740

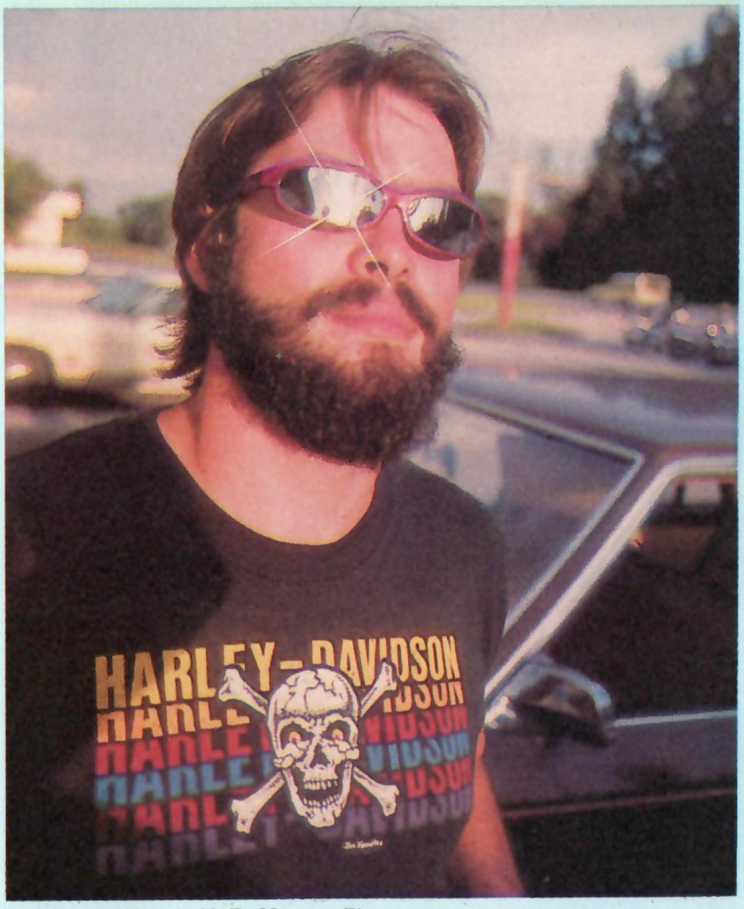

HARLEY-DAVIDSON


HARLEY-DAVIDSON



Bob Rich, Carteret, NJ

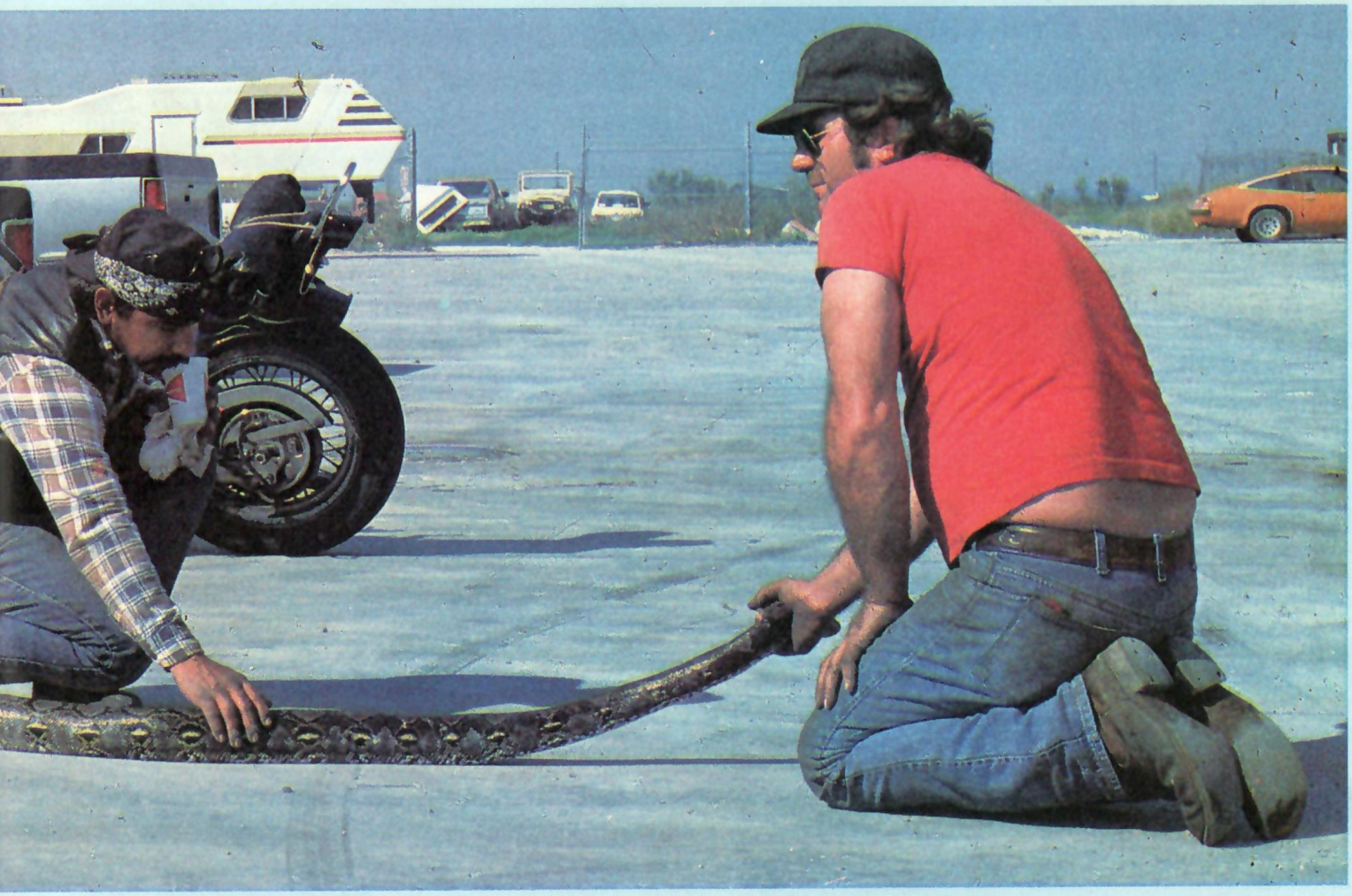
Billy Shields, Corpus Christi, TX



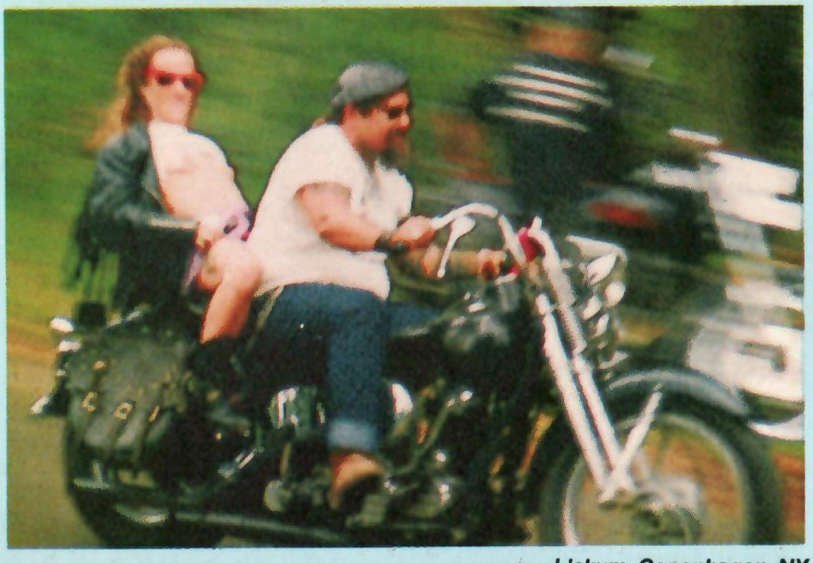
Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Meyers, FL

OUR BROS Runnin' Free ON THE GO

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use negatives. We can use good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size), color slides (either 35mm or 2¼x2¼), and exceptionally clear color prints. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh, yeah—we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo and $36 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to Iron Horse, P.O. Box 2163, New York, N.Y. 10116.

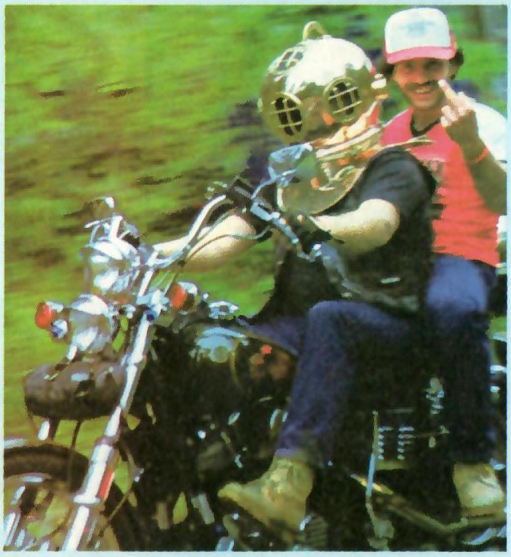


Sterling Visions, Mastic kBeach, NY



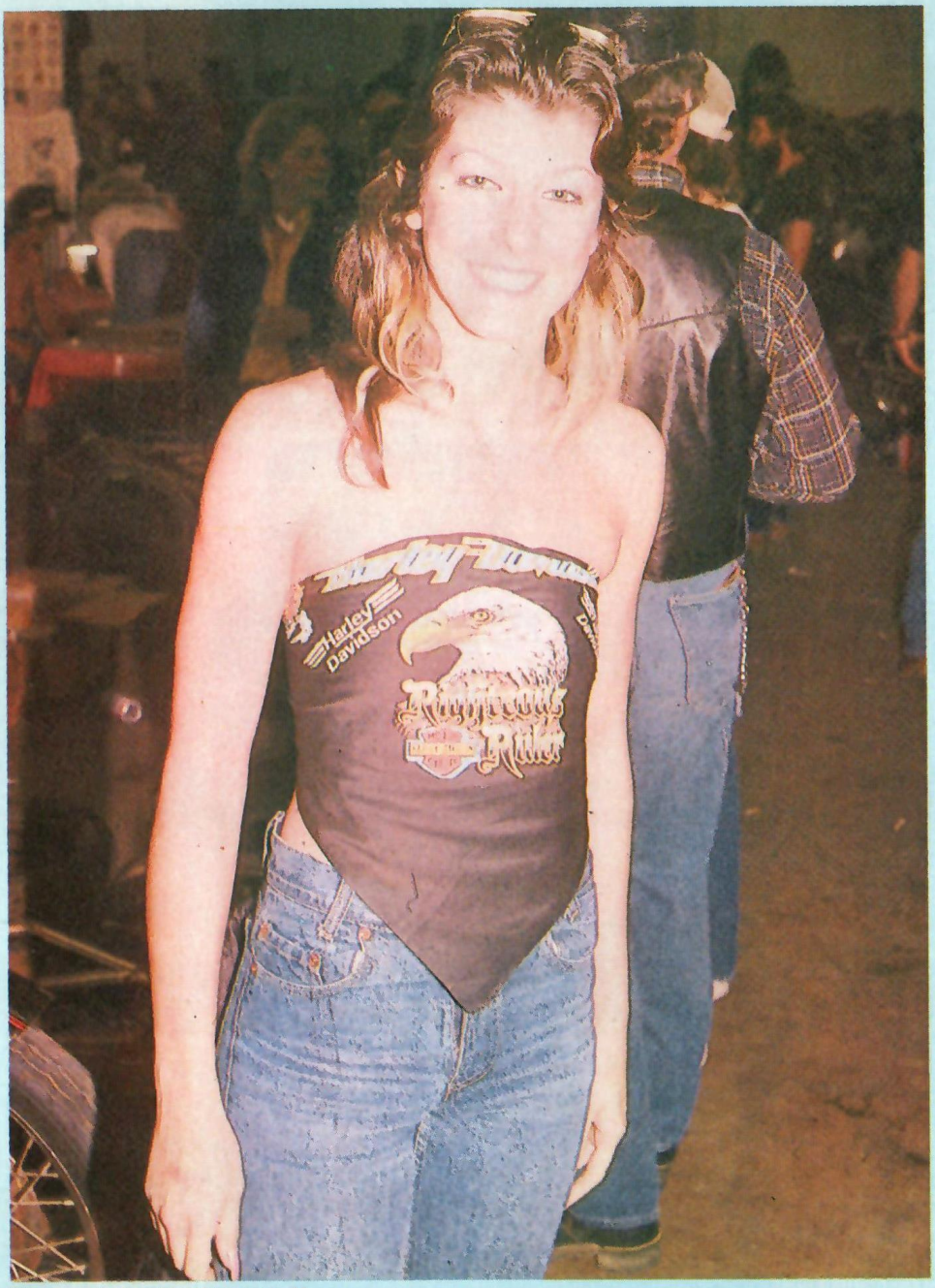
Lickum, Copenhagen, NY

Titshot Larry



Lickum, Copenhagen, NY

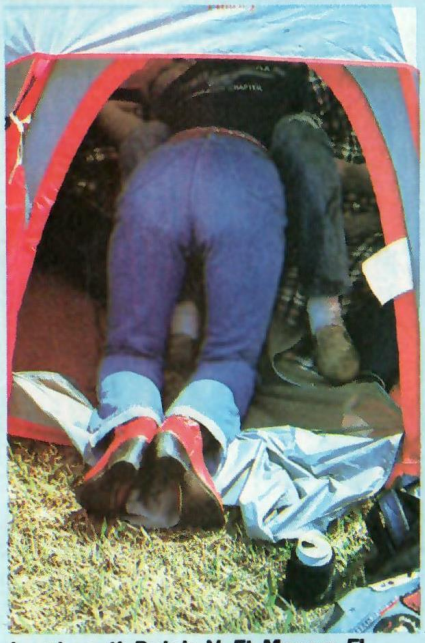
Trapper John, Montgomery, AL



Trapper John, Montgomery AL

Prof. Smith, Vienna, WV

Trapper John, Montgomery AL

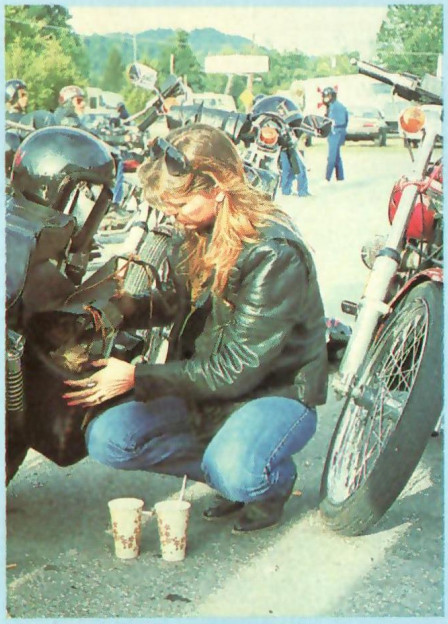


Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Meyers, FL

L. Matta, Washego, ONT

Dave Daniel, Bagdad, AZ

L. Matta, Washego, ONT



Trapper John, Montgomery AL

Banshee Joe, Altoona, PA

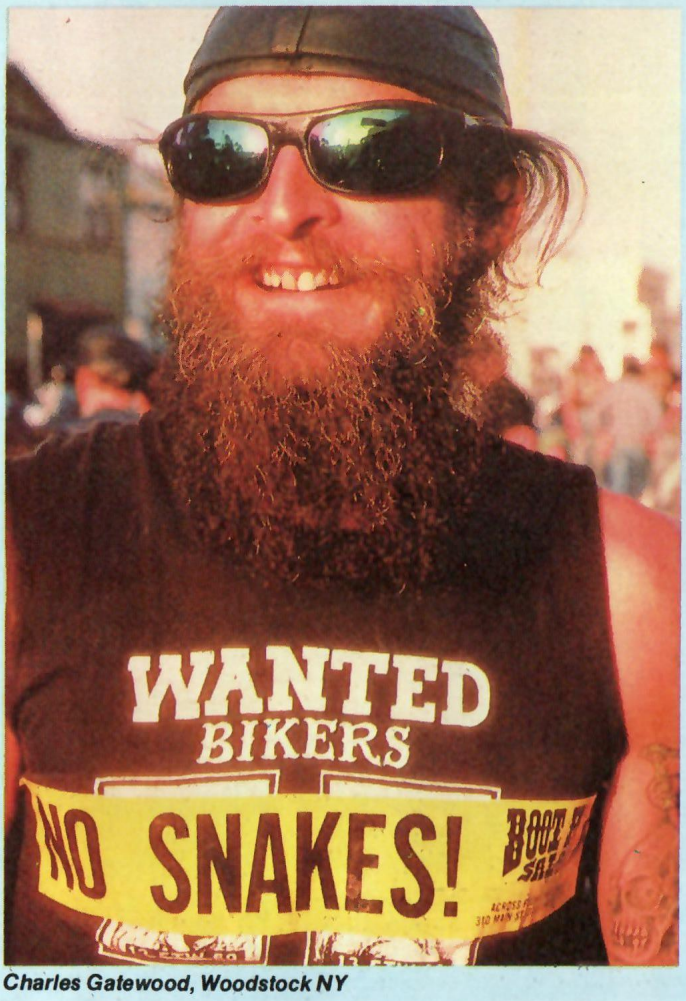
Mad Yankee, Litchfield, CT

Trapper John, Montgomery, AL

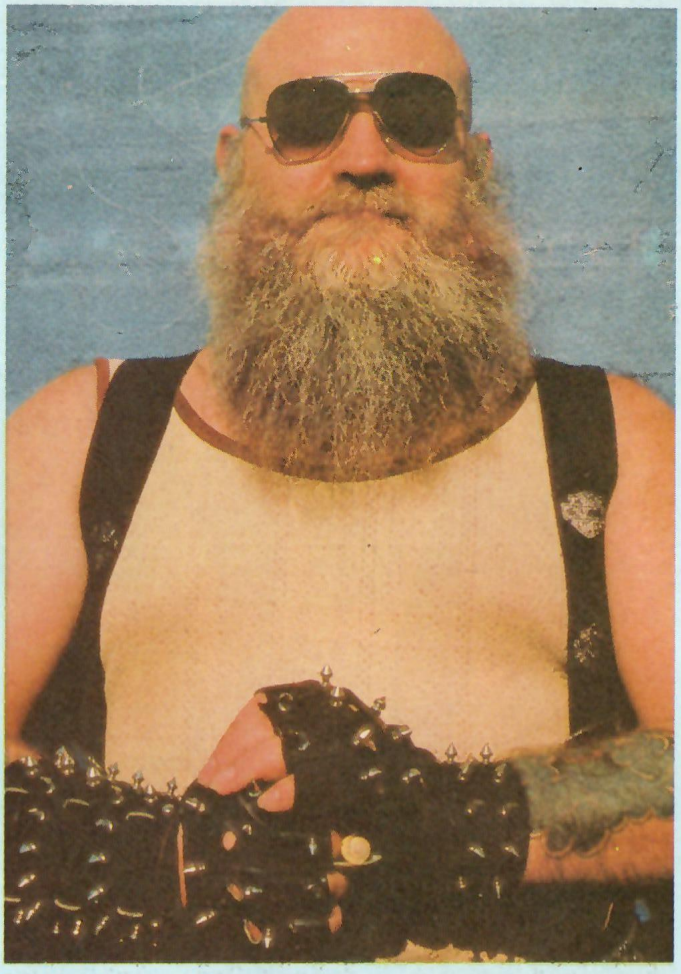
Lickum, Copenhagen, NY

Trapper John, Montgomery, AL

Lickum, Copenhagen, NY



Charles Gatewood, Woodstock NY



Charles Gatewood, Woodstock NY

Charles Gatewood, Woodstock NY

Titshot Larry

Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Meyers, FL

Lickum, Copenhagen, NY

Banshee Joe, Altoona, PA

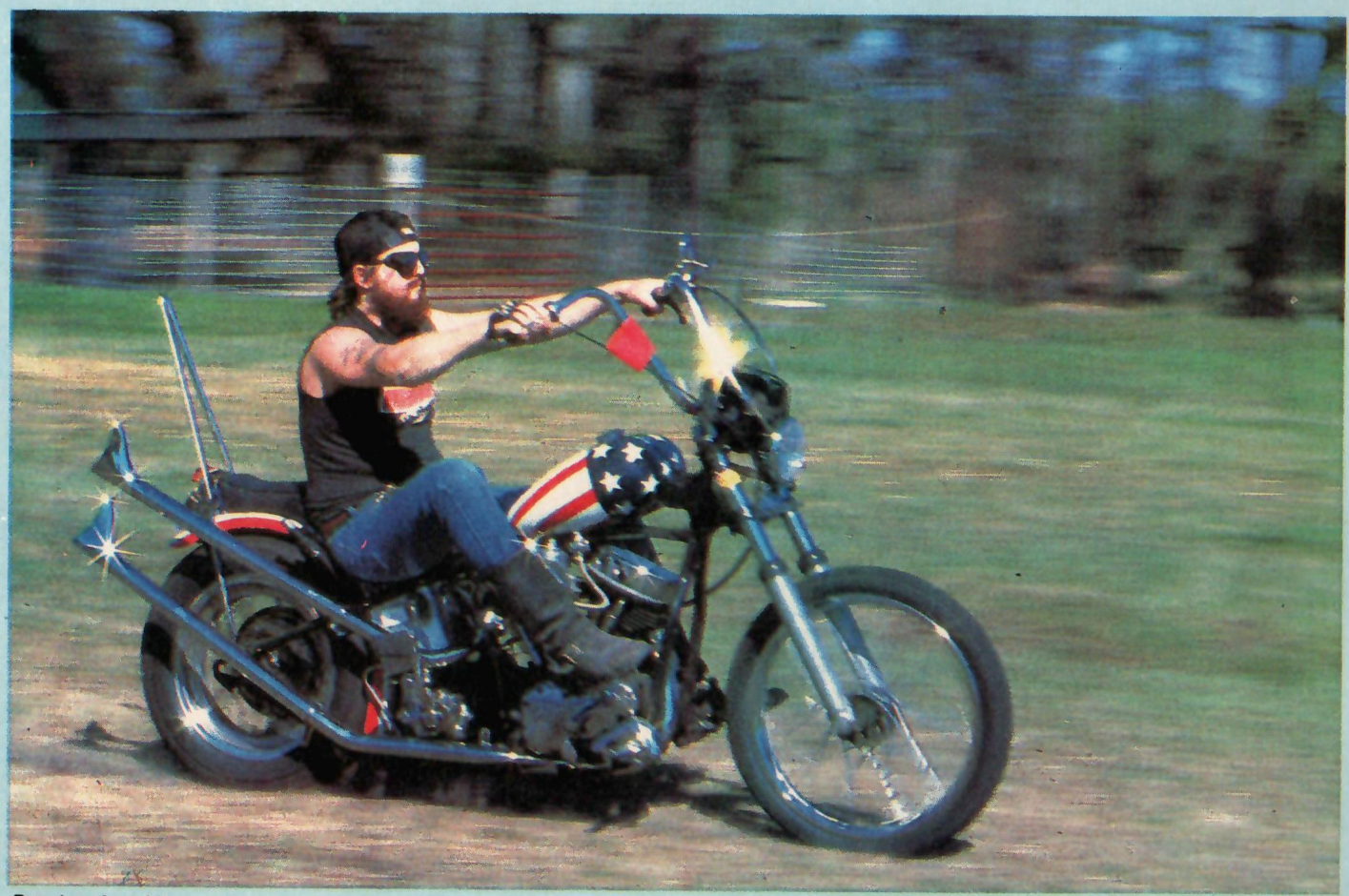
Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Meyers, FL

Trapper John, Montgomery AL

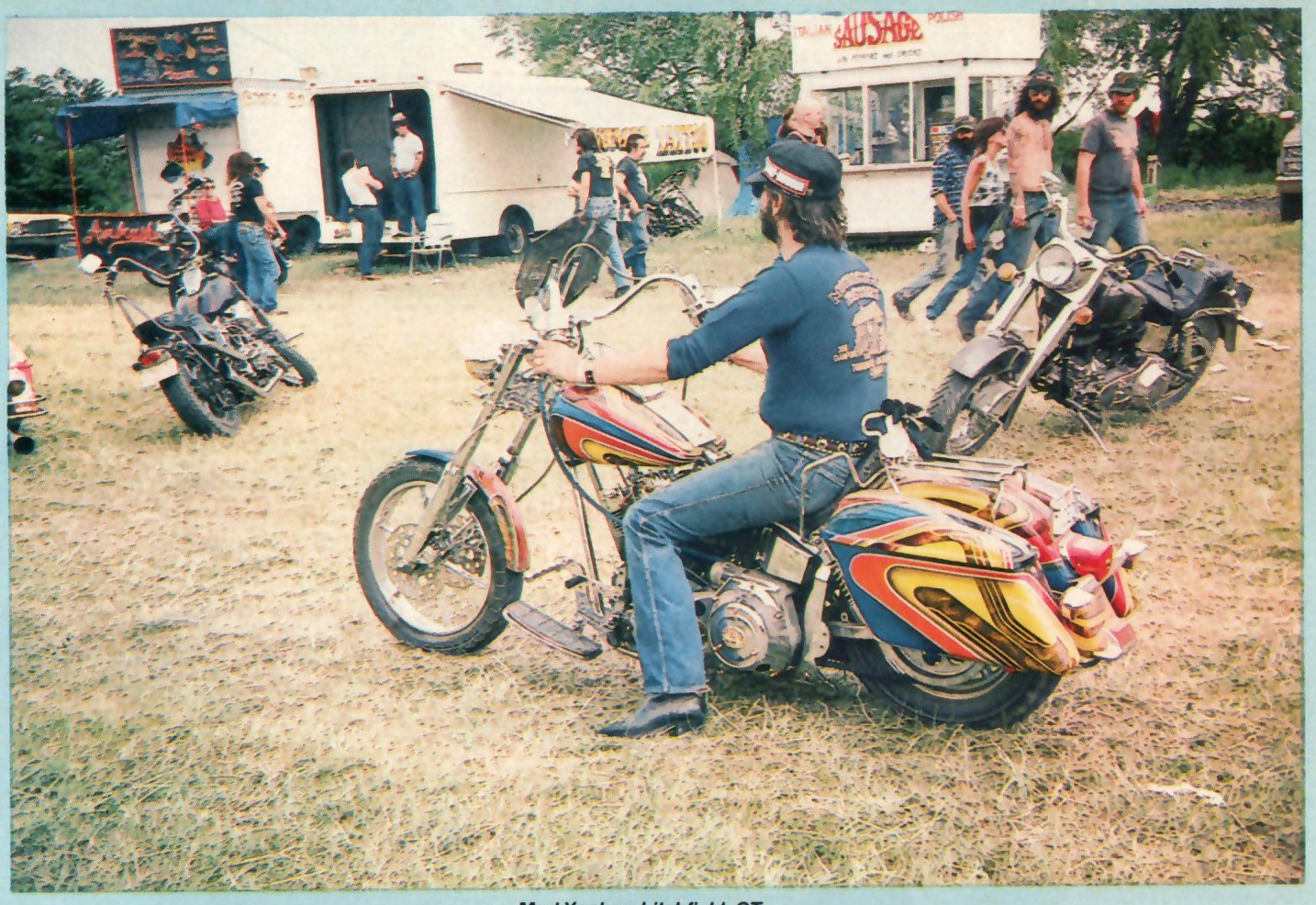
Trapper John, Montgomery AL

Mad Yankee, Litchfield, CT

M. Liscum, Copenhagen, NY



Banshee Joe, Altoona, PA



Mad Yankee, Litchfield, CT

**Four phantom ricers,
a wired up Harley,
and the evil that drives them on.**

A HALLOWEEN RIDE

By Mike Potter

Tonight is Halloween.

I brought some trick-or-treat stuff home yesterday for the ankle-biters so I wouldn't have to go out and get it today.

I don't ride my bike on Halloween any more. In fact,I don't even go out of the house after dark. Not after what happened two years ago ....

It gets dark early at the end of October. I went straight home from work, grabbed a quick shower and some clean levis and headed off to Ernie's Place. By then, it was dark enough to need the headlight on my old Shovelhead.

On the way, I stopped off at a drive-in and had a couple of burgers and a strawberry shake. Ernie always has a big party at the bar on holidays and it tends to get a little drunken out so I needed something in my stomach. Nothing helps keep the hangovers away like some milk in your system before you start, but who can stand straight milk?

By the time I hit the bar, it was completely dark. It was a little chilly, but not really cold. The moon was out. There were some high, scattered clouds and I guess there must have been some wind up there because they were sailing along. Once in a while, one would pass in front of the moon and things would get black for a little while.

The parking lot at Ernie's was already full of bikes when I got there and it wasn't even seven o'clock yet. The juke box was belting out old rock 'n' roll through the open door and I could smell reefer from the far end of the parking lot. The party was on.

A couple of people hollered out my name as I stepped inside and somebody handed me a mug of draft. I downed it and headed for the bar to get a pitcher. Ernie nodded a quick hello, drew me a pitcher without being asked, and asked me if I wanted to put down a fiver to get in on an arm-wrestling tournament. I spotted Big Al partway down the bar so I knew that I couldn't win any tournament here, but it was a holiday so I figured what the hell, maybe I could take second so I said sure and laid down my money.

By nine o'clock, I was on my fourth pitcher and was getting a little loose. I won my first two matches easily enough and was getting ready to take on some dude I didn't know for the dubious honor of tackling Big Al for the championship. Not to mention the money. Big Al had never been beaten. Not by anybody in Ernie's, anyhow.

We went at it. The guy was tough, not really big, but he had massive shoulders and had pumped some iron. I had plenty of experience. Plus a could of lines of good crystal floating around in my bloodstream. I put him down in less than a minute and the crowd gave me a big hand.

Ernie set me up with a free pitcher and banged on a mug with a spoon to get a little quiet. "All right, people, listen up! As soon as Sammy rests up, he goes against Big Al for first prize. Winner gets ..." and he stopped to count the wad of bills in front of him, ". .gets fifty bucks and a quart of Wild Turkey on the house. Loser gets ten bucks and a pint." Everybody cheered. Big Al looked at me and gave an evil grin. He didn't look too worried.

At ten o'clock, we sat down facing each other and the entire bar gathered around. There weren't many bets, not with Big Al in the game. Ernie put the money and the liquor on the table off to the side where it wouldn't get knocked off in the scuffle and we got ready.

Just then a skinny chick, somebody I never saw before, stepped up to the table. She was dressed all in black; pants, top and sweater. She had strange, sharp features and wild-looking red eyes, like she was on something really strong. She looked like a space case. She reached inside her top

and pulled out a gold chain with a little gold coin or medal on the end. "Here," she said, "I got a prize for the best man." She gave a strange, high giggle, laid the chain and coin down next to the money and faded back into the crowd.

It looked to be solid gold. When I first glanced at it, it had the same design you see on the back of a dollar bill: the pyramid with the eye on top, but as I looked closer, it was as if my eyes went out of focus and I seemed to be staring into a hole. I blinked and shook my head, figuring that I must be getting a little drunk. When I looked again, it was just a coin with a pyramid on it. I forgot about it.

We got ready. Al gave me another great big smile. No wonder. The man is six-four and weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds. He works construction and has very little fat on him. My shit looked weak.

He almost took me as soon as we started. My arm was half way down before I knew what happened. I figured that he must have snorted a little too. I got it together and managed to hold my own, maybe even gain a little in desperation.

We stayed like that for an endless time, faces squinched up, sweat breaking out, white fingernails. I wasn't giving in and Al wasn't gaining anything, but it didn't take a genius to figure out that sooner or later he would wear me out and take me down.

Then he looked over at the gold coin.

He stared at it for a few seconds in a casual way, then his face went white. He blinked a couple of times and swallowed. I gave a grunt and managed to lever my arm straight up again.

Al tore his eyes away from the coin then and looked into my eyes. I swear to God, he looked almost scared! Then, slowly, as if against his will, his eyes moved back to that coin.

I couldn't believe it but ever so slowly, like a fly dropped in STP, I felt his arm give. Bit by bit I started pushing it down. It was as if something was sapping his strength. Or his will.

Nobody, but nobody had ever gotten Big Al's arm past straight up before. Encouraged, I started really pouring it on with everything I had: all or nothing. I sensed a legend in the making. Sweat ran into my eyes and burned. I blinked. It ran in Al's eyes too, but he didn't blink; he stared at the coin.

Slowly, reluctantly, his arm went down. Inch by inch it lowered until it was almost on the table. He gave one last burst of power then, but it was too late. With a thump, he went down. The crowd damn near made the walls shake. Big Al wasn't champ any more. I was.

We both massaged our hands to get the blood flowing again, then shook on it. Al looked a little dazed, as if he didn't know just what had happened to him. I wasn't sure what had happened to him either, but I was the winner so I didn't ask any questions. I pocketed the winner's share of the money and slipped the chain around my neck, letting the coin dangle outside my shirt like a medal, which it was in a way. I offered Al the first drink out of my new bottle.

I celebrated. For the next hour or so, people were anxious to buy me drinks, congratulate me. Al left after a couple of beers. He looked half sick and I don't think that it was because he had finally been beaten, either. Everytime he would look at me, his eyes would drift down to the coin and he would turn pale. I noticed a few other people turn their eyes away from it too, but I figured it was because they were too polite to stare.

I tried to find the skinny chick, but she must have split right after the contest. When I asked around, nobody knew who she was; nobody could remember seeing her before. I shrugged it off. I partied.

By eleven-thirty, it had caught up with me. I was pretty drunk and the room was so full that there was no place to stand, much less sit down. I was getting dizzy and half sick. The noise and smoke were more than I could take. I had to get outside for some air.

I slipped out, telling the people I was sitting with that I needed to check on my bike, which was true enough. The fresh, clean night air felt like heaven, like chugging a cold beer on a hot, thirsty afternoon. I leaned up against the wall and just breathed for a couple of minutes. I wandered over and checked on the Shovelhead: it was fine. I sat on the seat and grabbed the bars, feeling that thrill I get when I straddle a bike, any bike.

I decided that I needed to go for a ride to clear my head. I figured that if I felt like some more partying after that, I could always come back. Ernie wouldn't close down until two. I slipped inside and got my jacket without anybody seeing me, then took off.

I headed out of town. There weren't many cars on the street. The wind blowing through my hair felt great. The moon appeared and vanished behind clouds. In a few minutes, I turned off onto the lake road and picked up speed. Past the city limits there wasn't a single car on the highway, which ran straight as a string for better than twenty miles.

I just loped along at sixty, enjoying the ride and clearing my head, digging on the thunder the vibration of the big twin. I was having a good time but I must have been more tired than I realized because my head kept nodding, as if it had a big weight on it. After a few miles, I guess I kinda spaced out because the next thing I knew, I saw headlights in my rear view mirror.

At first I thought it was a couple of cars full of kids from town racing because they were coming up fast, but as they got closer, I saw that it was four bikes, riding two abreast. I figured it must be some guys from the bar. Probably somebody had seen me leave and decided to follow me. Some company might be nice, so I slowed down to let them catch up.

It didn't take them long. Seconds later they buzzed up behind me and lead pair started around. When they got beside me, I suddenly realized that it was nobody I knew. Oh, no indeed.

They were all on some sort of rice burners, but I couldn't tell what kind. I could see that they were all fours and *fast*! They were all wearing black, full leathers. They had on black gloves and boots, black helmets and full, dark tinted face shields. It was kinda creepy.

"What the fuck IS this?" I mumbled to myself.

They didn't go ahead and pass me like I expected. The one on my left motioned me over and the one on my right dropped back to make room. I didn't like this at all. He motioned again and I felt a chill on the back on my neck. Come to think of it, my neck was feeling heavier and heavier as if there was an enormous weight hung on it.

I made as if to pull over, rolling off the throttle and downshifting to third. They slowed down right with me. I dropped it into second and punched it as hard as I could.

I took off like a rocket. The big Harley roared out its defiance into the night. They hadn't been expecting this. I watched them drop way back for a few seconds, then I saw their headlights bounce as they turned the wicks up on the Jap bikes and came after me.

I power shifted into top gear and did some hauling on my own. The Shovelhead was in perfect tune and running as well as it ever has in the cool night air and I was giving it all it had. I continued to pull ahead for a few seconds and

then I saw them start to gain on me again. I couldn't hear them, but I knew that those fours were screaming and snarling, after me, gaining on me.

The weight on my neck seemed worse. It felt as if I had a log hanging on me. I tore my eyes away from the road for an instant and wished I hadn't; the coin was flapping against my chest and it was glowing with a dull red light just the color of the skinny chick's eyes when she laid it on the table in Ernie's.

I got scared then, really scared.

The bike was flat out, running as fast as it would go without lunching itself. I couldn't really tell how fast that was because my eyelids were flapping too hard in the wind. Besides, at that speed I was too busy just holding it in the road to spend much time looking at the speedo. It crossed my mind that if there was anything up ahead in my way, I was through, hamburger. It was all I could do to stay up and straight.

They gained on me.

It didn't take them long to catch up. The two front ones swooped down on me like hawks on a sparrow. Just when it seemed that they wre going to ram me, they parted and passed me, one on each side. The other fell into formation one on each side behind me, boxing me in completely.

The one in front to my left hit his dimmer switch to signal the others, then rolled back on his throttle. The rest slowed down in unison, a nicely executed maneuver. I either had to slow down with them or else crash into the leaders. Trapped.

My mind raced. I was like a rat in a cage, trying to find a way to escape. As we scruffed off more speed, I kicked it down into third and tried to break away again, but this time they were ready for me and the lead bikes shifted position slightly, plugging the hole and leaving me no opening.

I glanced in the mirror to see what the two behind me were doing; I thought I might break out that way. They closed up on me and blocked me in that way too. One of them turned his head towards me, reached up and flipped up his face shield. Just then the moon burst out from behind a cloud and I was close enough to see that there was no face behind that shield; the helmet was empty.

I didn't know just what the hell I was going to do, but I knew damn well that I wasn't going to stop. Not after that. We were down to maybe thirty miles an hour now and my head felt so heavy and my neck was so tired form the strain that it was all I could do to hold it up to see where I was going. I glanced down at the coin again and it was glowing bright, bright red now.

I didn't take time to think, I didn't take time to plan my next move. I didn't have any time left. I let go of the throttle and reached up with my right hand, grabbing that coin, pulling it off my neck, breaking the chain. The weight of it seemed to pull my whole arm down, as if I had a handfull of lead instead of a small coin. From the way it glowed, I expect it to feel hot, but it wasn't. It was cold, cold as the grave.

I threw it as far as I could.

It sailed out in front of the pack, clearly visible by the bright glow. I heard a high, shrill scream and the one on my left went after it, trying to grab it in midair. I didn't wait; I hit the throttle, swerved left and WENT!

I pulled even with the one reaching for the coin. I think he managed to get a hand on it, but I'm not sure. As I sailed past, I reached out with my right foot and very carefully kicked his front forks. In my mirror, I saw him wobble for an instant, then go down, throwing up a shower of sparks as he slid along the pavement. Then I saw the others scramble, trying to maneuver around him. Nobody made it. They all went down in a clump. More sparks flew. Then suddenly there was a fireball, fading fast in my mirror as I accelerated away.

Two or three miles further on, I pulled over and threw up. I just sat and shook for a long time; I'm not sure how long. It felt like hours. I began to wonder if maybe I had imagined the whole thing. I mean really, riders with no faces? Sure. Maybe I had a bit much to drink; maybe this is how the D.I.'s start. Maybe somebody dosed me with something. Maybe I was nuts. After talking to myself for a while, I decided to go back and check. Against my better judgement.

I turned the Harley around and slowly

"That was great second honeymoon. Next time we'll bring our ol ladies!!"

headed back the way I had come. I thought I recognized the place where they went down, but there was nothing there. I got off the bike and looked, but there was nothing there. Not a stray nut or bolt, much less a bike or a rider. I went another couple of miles, until I was sure that I was past the place. Not a thing.

I headed back to the spot where I thought it happened and checked out the asphalt. If there really had been a fire, there would be burn marks on the road.

Nothing.

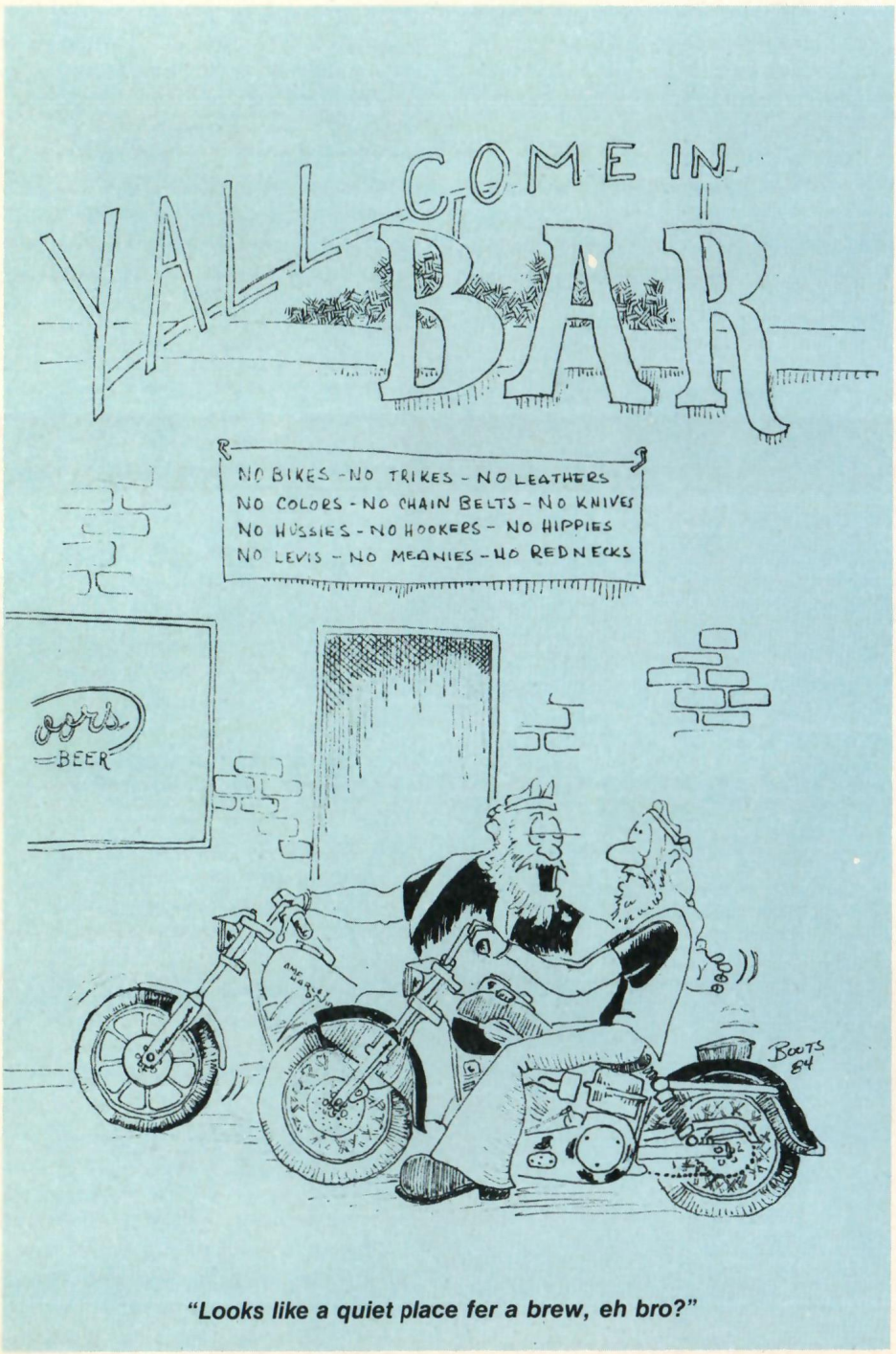
I poked around for a few minutes, convincing myself that there really was nothing to find. Then, I shrugged and climbed on the Harley, swinging it around towards town. As I turned, the headlight reflected off of something out in the weeds.

I got off the bike and walked slowly over to the spot. There lay a black helmet with a full, tinted face shield. I picked it up and looked inside. It was full of cobwebs.

I threw it as far as I could out in the weeds. Then I got on the bike and hauled ass.

No, I don't go out on Halloween anymore.

Would you? □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"Looks like a quiet place fer a brew, eh bro?"

OUTTA THE FRYIN PAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

eightball. And one of the other two was taking advantage of the diversion to back Linda into a corner and find out if those tits were real. But knowin my little brother, it's just as likely that he said somethin stupid and deserved a good, serious attitude adjustment. Even so, three on one ain't tight, and I knew I'd have to help him out.

Only problem was, before I could get over to that end of the bar, this big ol slob who was almost as tall as me and about twice as wide (and twice as drunk) sorta half-fell off his bar stool right in my path. He got up quick enough to surprise us both, though, and stood in front of me and slurred, "It ain't your fight, hairball, go siddown."

Well, I was all set to shove his fat face through the juke-box—even if it did mean scratchin the David Allan Coe tune—when he whipped a black leather case out of his pocket and flashed a seven-pointed gold star right in my face. And I was still sober enough to focus and see he was an "auxiliary" deputy from the same fucking county, clear across the state, where I'd been busted way back then. With his other hand he pushed aside his old army surplus field jacket to show me a Smith and Wesson .41 magnum in a pancake holster, an then he said, "I ain't tellin you again, fucker...go siddown."

And I looked past him an saw these two assholes pinning my brother to the floor while the other one stomped on his ribs a bit. So I asked lardbelly, "If you're supposed to be some kinda lawman, why don't you do somethin about that?"

Biggest shit-eatin grin I ever saw came over his face. "This ain't my county. Don't wanna interfere with the locals. I'm just here on vacation. Besides, I'm enjoyin the show. But you just remember, scumbag, I am a deputy sheriff, an I'll turn you into wallpaper if you try to interfere with me."

It took me about half a second to figure out that one of two things was about to happen. My own brother was gonna get killed right in front of me, or I was gonna take out blimpo, and probably get charged with felony assault on a peace officer...maybe

even life as a "habitual criminal" or some such crock. Right back to Nevada State Prison in Carson City, wasn't no other place for em to send me. (I never have figured out why Johnny Cash thinks ya get sent to Folsom Prison for shootin a man in Reno, but that's another story.

Took about another half second to decide...I grabbed fatso's gun hand and squeezed real hard and fast. All those hours lyin in my bunk squeezin on valve springs for exercise finally paid off, and I heard some metacarpals and phalanges snappin like twigs. Then while he was still screamin I grabbed the revolver out of his holster, opened the cylinder, let the rounds drop on the floor, and tossed it through an open window. Took about three steps to cover thirty feet to where Mike was. Grabbed the guy who was doin the punchin by his shoulder an said, "Hey, he's had enough, man."

The little turd didn't believe me, I guess, cuz he started to telegraph a right hook, but he never really got started before I dropped him with a 12½ E nutshot—which made him puke tequila and pepperoni with mushrooms all over my poor brother's new leathers. The fucker who'd been holdin Mike's arms down got a thumb in the left eye from me, and backed off. The wimp who'd been holdin his feet down disappeared beforé I could touch him. He went out the front door so fast that if it hadn't been open, he woulda gone right through it like they do in the cartoons.

And then we heard the first siren.

Some "Good Samaritan" had fed the pay phone. Mike looked up at me through what was left of his eyes, dug into a pocket to hand me his keys, and said, "I'll be okay. Take my bike an stay at my place. Worst they'll do to me is a few days in the slam after I'm patched up. But if they catch your ass in here and listen to that fat cop, you'll buy another ten years down at..."

"Yeah I know, I know. See ya when you get home."

I set a world's record for the twelve-yard dash (that's two, Mr. Guiness) out into the parking lot and onto Mike's Harley. Jumped on that kicker what seemed like a hundred times, all the time swearin at Mike for bein too damn cheap to buy two new plugs every once in awhile, especially in that thin air up at 7,000 feet. The red and blue flashes were about three blocks away and closin fast, when the hog finally started.

I headed west on 50, the last two or three miles towards the state line. Passed another sheriff's car and a highway patrol car racin the other ay, and I suddenly realized that I'd left the goddamn helmet back at the scene of the crime, and that'd be all the excuse they'd need to pull me over. Then they'd figure out I'd had maybe eight beers too many, and then...'But they were more interested in a fight in progress than some bare-headed biker, and they didn't even look my way.

Past the "Welcome to California" sign, I slowed down to a nice, legal 35 in front of all the sleazy motels, liquor stores, and souvenir shops that make that stretch of Tahoe look like Coney Island. Just a few blocks to Mike's cabin, where I let myself in and passed out on the couch.

The next afternoon, while I was openin a beer for breakfast and wonderin if I should write a will or somethin cuz of my terminal hangover, Linda helped Mike stagger in. He was patched up, but otherwise not lookin any scuzzier than usual. They let him go when his buddy behind the bar an everyone else there told the cops what really went down.

Best of all, though, he told me that Off-Duty-Out-Of-Town-Reserve-Deputy Blubberass had been out in the dark parking lot grubbin around for the magnum I'd tossed out there when the first squad car showed up. He found the piece right then, picked it up and turned to the real cops just in time to catch a load of double-ought buckshot in the kneecaps. Now he's facin' all kindsa charges when he gets outta surgery. So I guess there can be real justice in that state sometimes after all.

But ain't goin' back to find out □

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FLEXI-FLYIN-FUCIA-FLASH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

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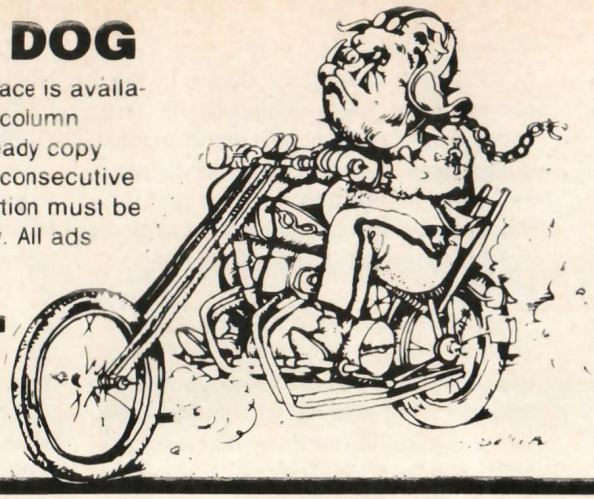

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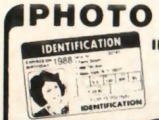

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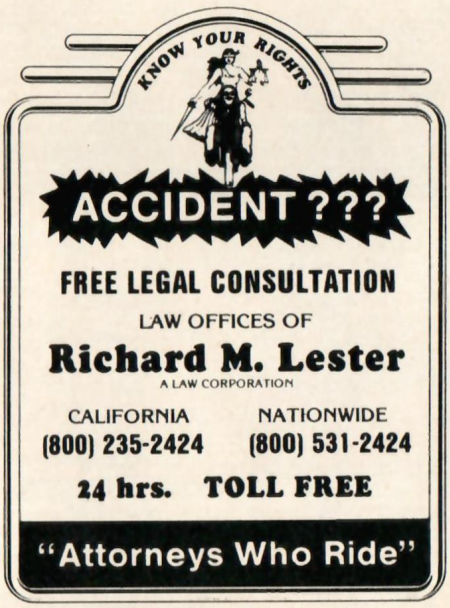
of custom ride than used to be synonymous with West Coast bikin, but the style seems to have fallen in popularity before the shorter fatbob look popularized by Ness and his followers in recent years. However, Culprit is no slave to fashion, and continues to prefer the radical look of the 60's and early 70's.

"A lot of the bikes I'm building for people these days are just slight variations on the stock machine. Fifteen years ago no hardcore rider would be caught dead on anything but a rigid, but it's just a fad. Old time choppers will have their day again."

Culprit has similar mixed feelings concerning the Evolution engine. Lack of interchangeability of parts with the previous fifty years of Harley Big Twin models is the major drawback to the new engine as Culprit sees it. The Flash features flywheels from an 80« Flathead, for example, which stroke the motor up to 86«. This was a trick used by the hot rodders of the 40's to beef up their Knuckleheads (which is why you'll find a lot of discarded Flattie engines minus the flywheels. Culprit says that another miscalculation, aside from the price, on the part of the Motor Company is their seeming desire to compete with the Jap bike builders on the Japs' terms. "Harleys are looking more like Hondas and Hondas are trying to look like Harleys, and pretty soon they'll meet in the middle and nobody'll want either one." Culprit isn't the only Harley lover who's mourning the passing of the characteristics that made the Milwaukee motorcycles so unique and inimitable. There were some things on Harleys that could never be copied, like the famous fatbobs. The Japs could never get that detailed on their copycat scoots, but now, the only place whre you'll find real split tanks is on the Softail line, the rest of the Harley models feature only phoney fatbob look just like the Japs. Gone completely is the old tractor seat on the post which gave rise to the myth that the solid mounted V-Twin "rode like a Cadillac". Actually, it was the greased shock you were sitting on that gave ya the smooth ride, the handlebars and pegs (or floorboads) let ya know you were ridin a real honest-to-God motorcycle. But even the good ol H-D vibes have been tamed with rubber mounts until it feels as cushy as a BMW. That may be a good thing and going toe to toe with the Japs is fine, but H-D doesn't have to toss out years of tradition in order to be competitive. It's the one ace that nobody can duplicate.

Meanwhile, Culprit continues adding to his string of 74s. He digs Pan the most, and has passed his obsession on to his three kids, two boys; 14 and 18 and a girl 21. They all love Harleys and will continue their ol man's tradition as long as a Harley is a Harley.



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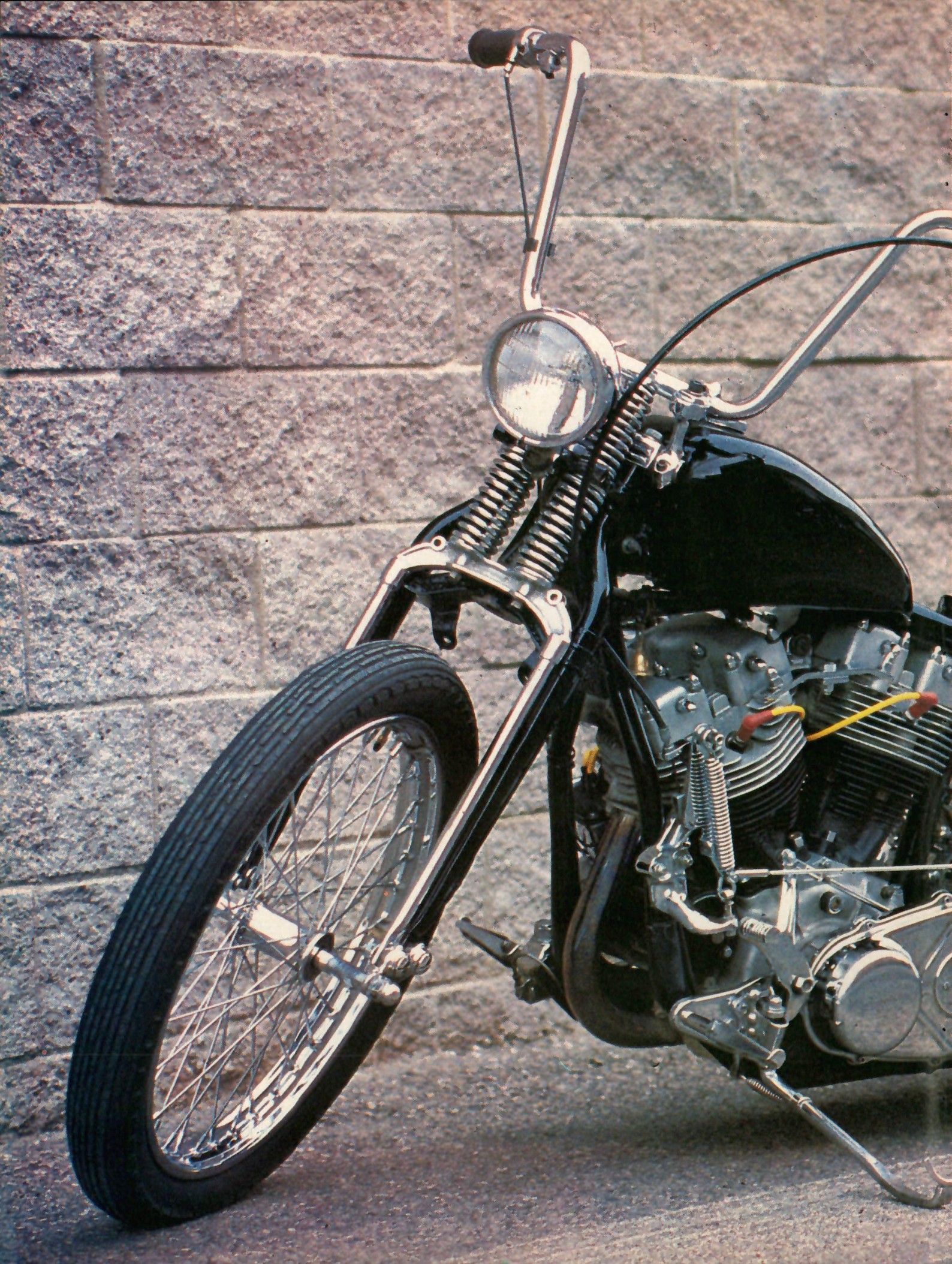
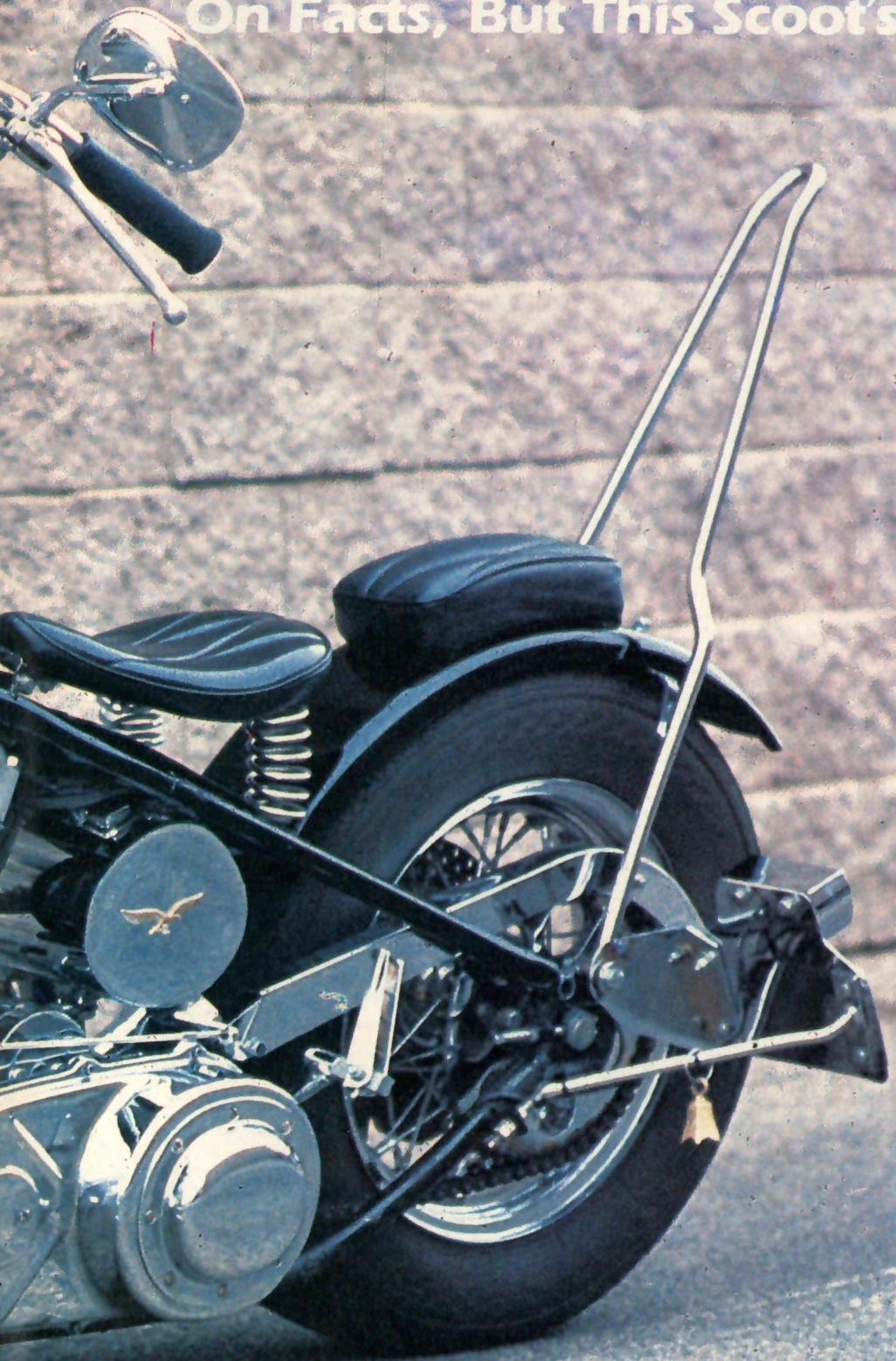


THE N/A SHOVELHEAD

Dean's Black '68 Shovel: We Might Be Short On Facts, But This Scoot's Long On Looks

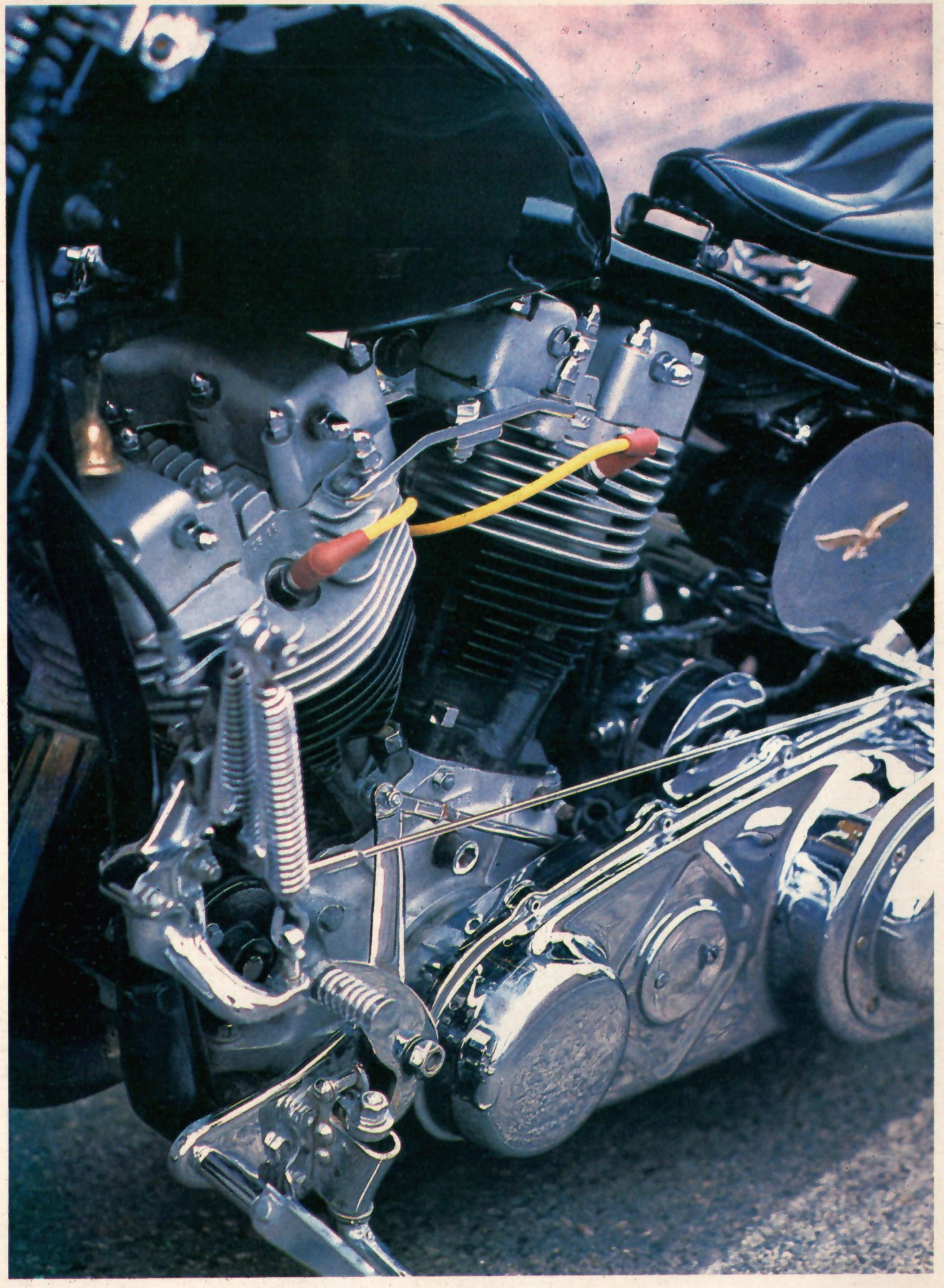


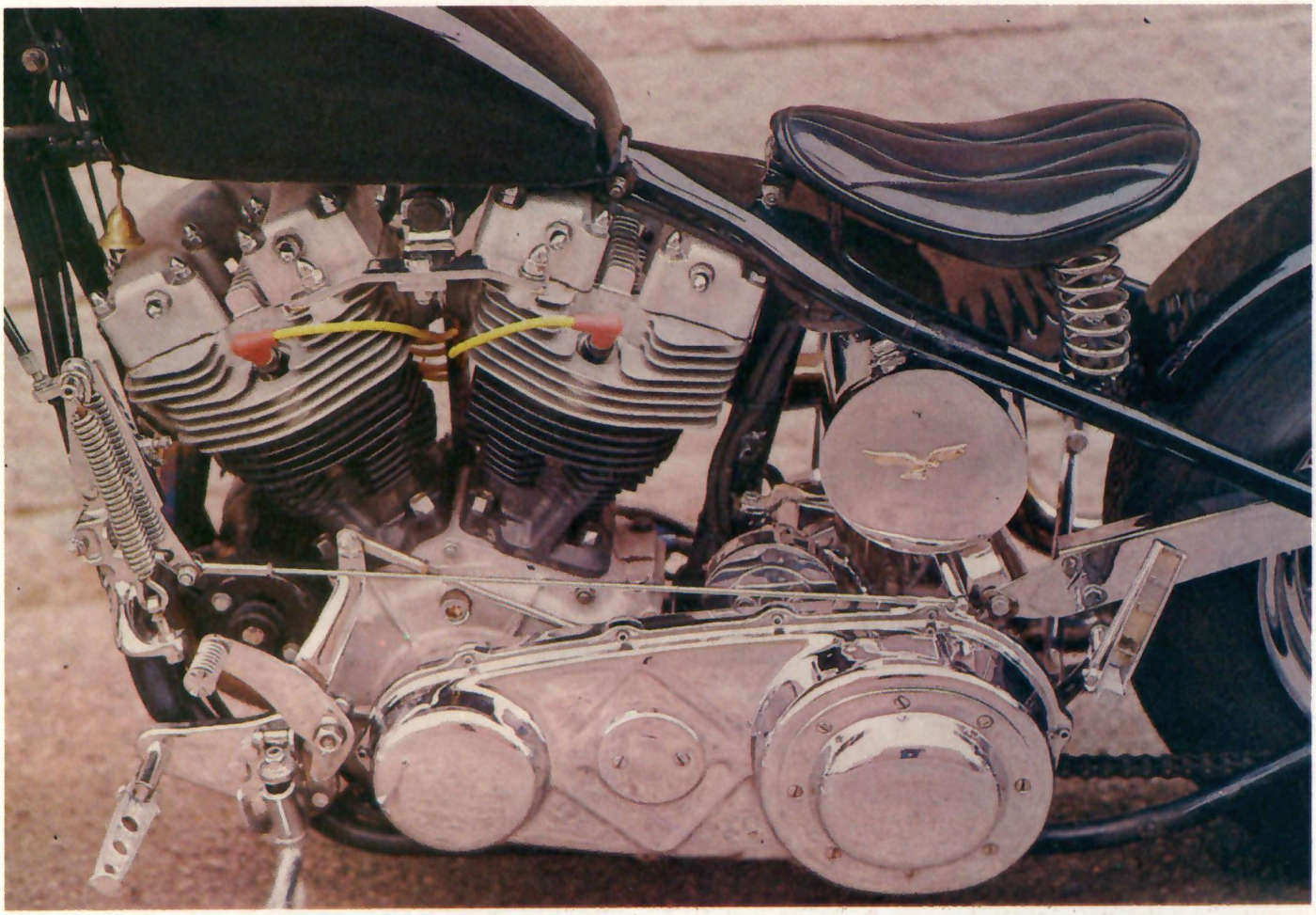
Works from Oral Hedd
Photos by WW

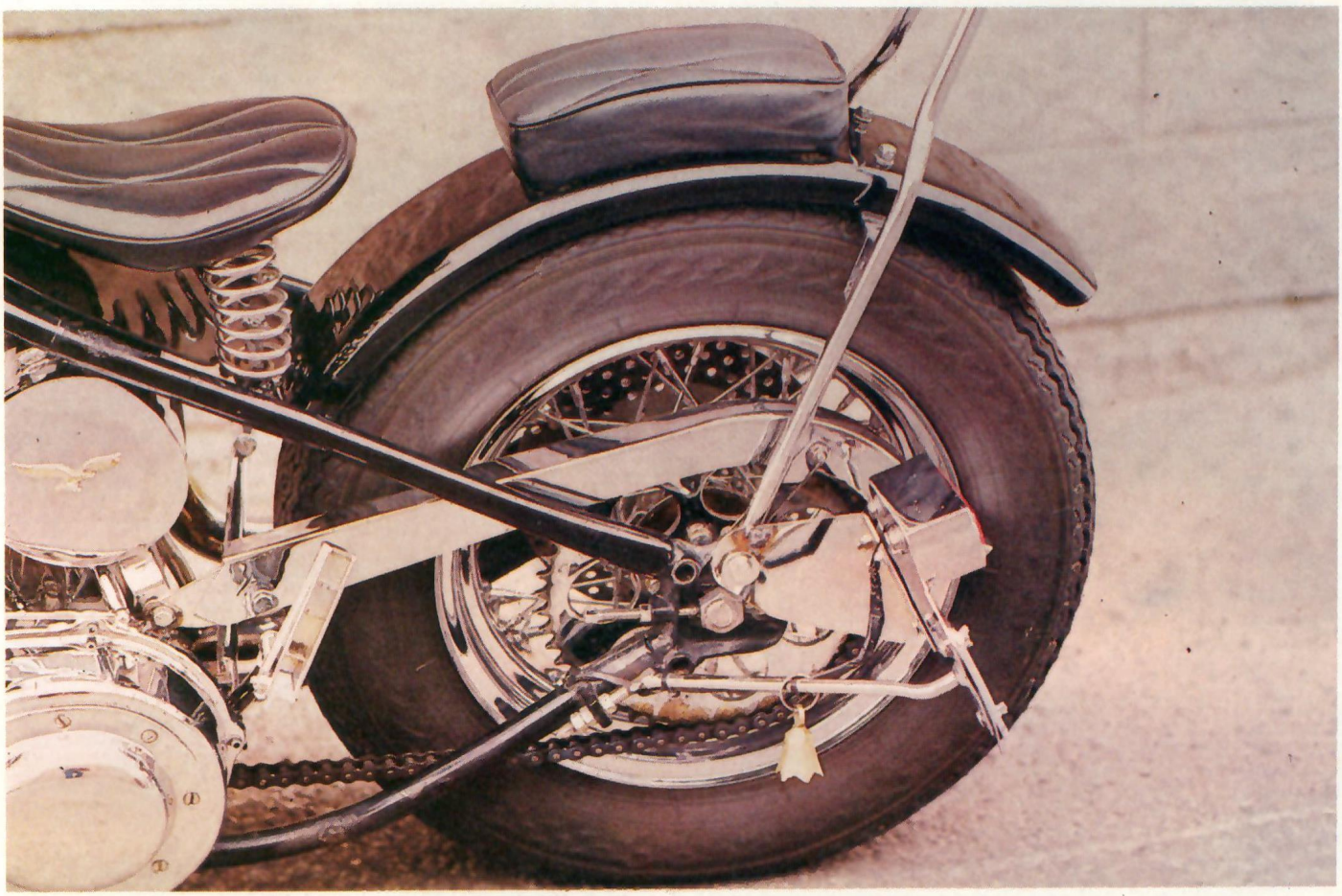
As ya mighta noticed, we here at the rag recently took what they call a hiatus. I know that sounds like some kinda sexual practice and when the money man told us we were gonna have to take an "enforced hiatus" ya shoulda seen the eyes of thes perverts around here light up. Little did we realize that it translated from the Latin into "vacation without pay." Ya never saw so many hard dicks go limp at once — it was like a fuckin firin squad. Which, come to think of it, was exactly what it was. However, the whole deadbeat crew is back after a coupla months on unemployment, and ready to crank themselves and the rag up again. Which brings us to Dean Chapman's 1968 FLH.

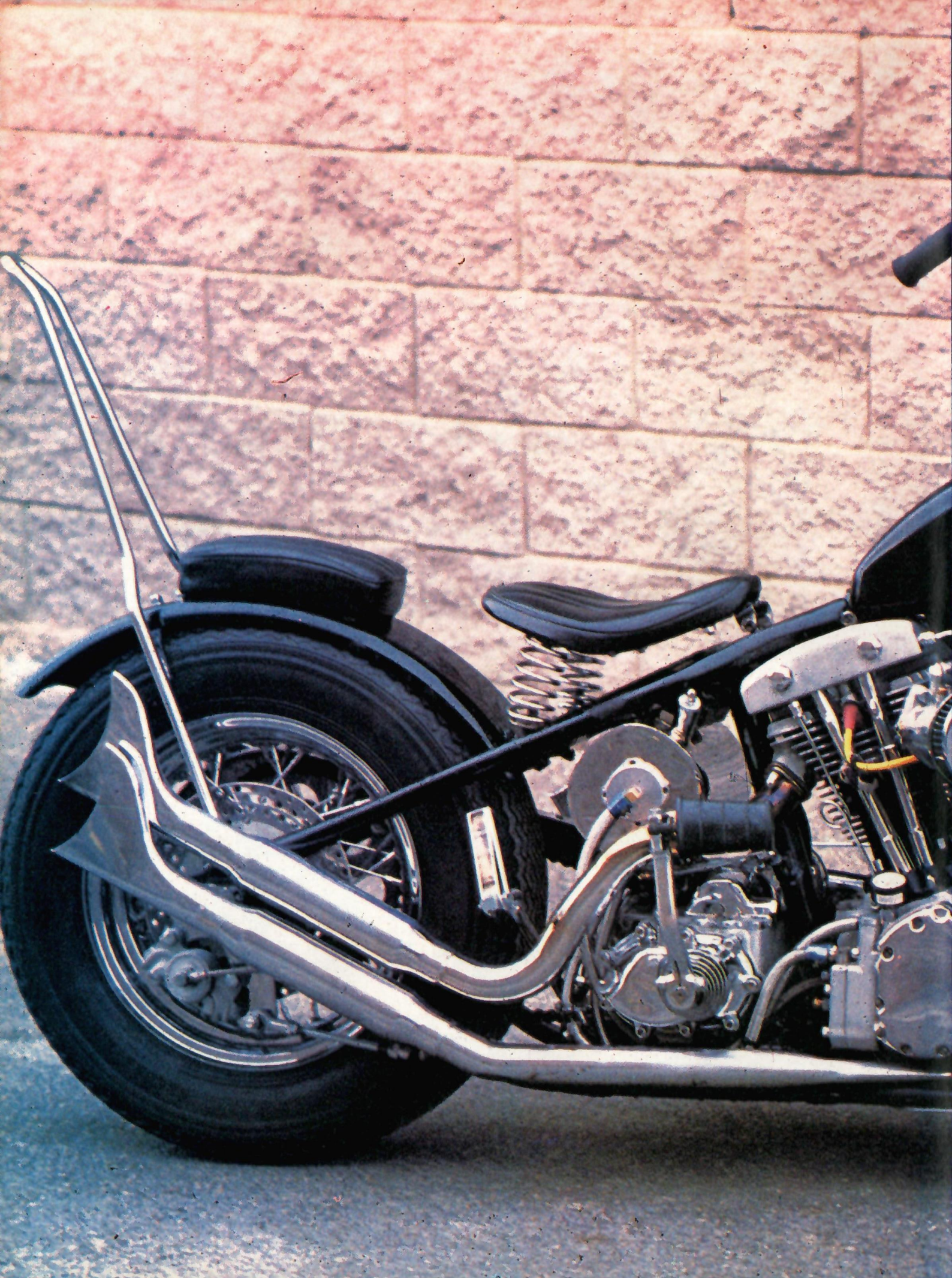
This fine lookin, mouth waterin motorcycle makes a strong statement for the fine art of rawboned, no nonsense bike building — an art that seems to be gettin as rare as these days. Seems like every time ya go to some biker whoopty-do all ya ever see are stock scooters. Choppers stand out like diamonds among lumps of coal, attracting all kinds of attention, from riders as well as chicks who're usually turned on by the sleek sexy lines of a well built custom rider. So why don't more bros do what Dean does and and ride a truly custom machine? Who the fuck knows? It don't make sense to me either.

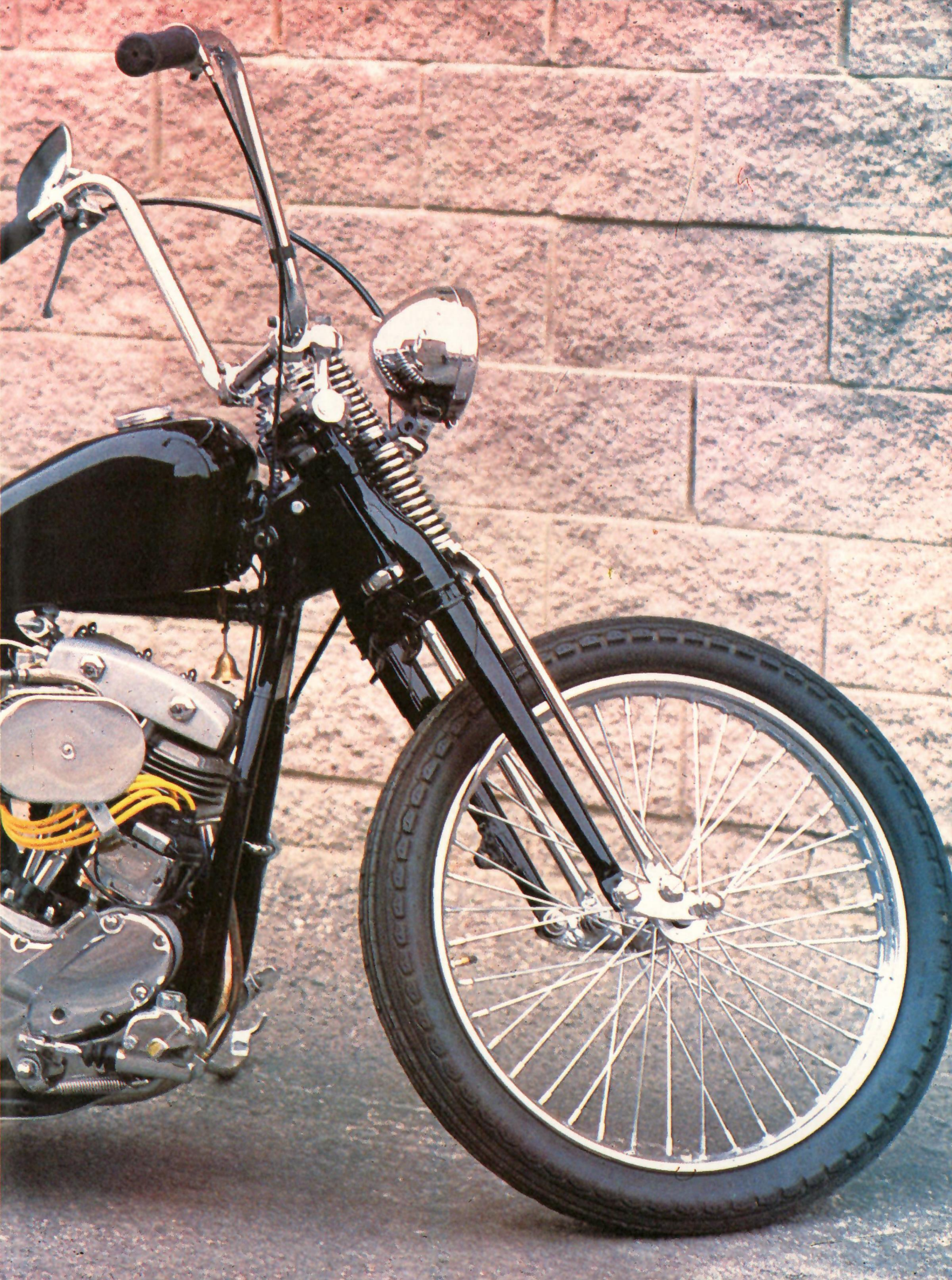
Well, as to the specifics on the scoot and the owner's own personal philosophy on the stock/custom dilemma which mighta shed some light on the matter, we can only guess about what he had to say. Ya see, in between the time we got these flicks and the time we started cookin again, Dean seems to have moved on to greener pastures. Like the true biker he is, Dean's migratory lifestyle insures that he ain't in one place for too long (either that, or he didn't pay his phone bill), and with a ride like his no bullshit black chopper, you'd probably find yourself in similar situation; your front tire pointed at the horizon, nomadic and free, and definitely Not Available. □

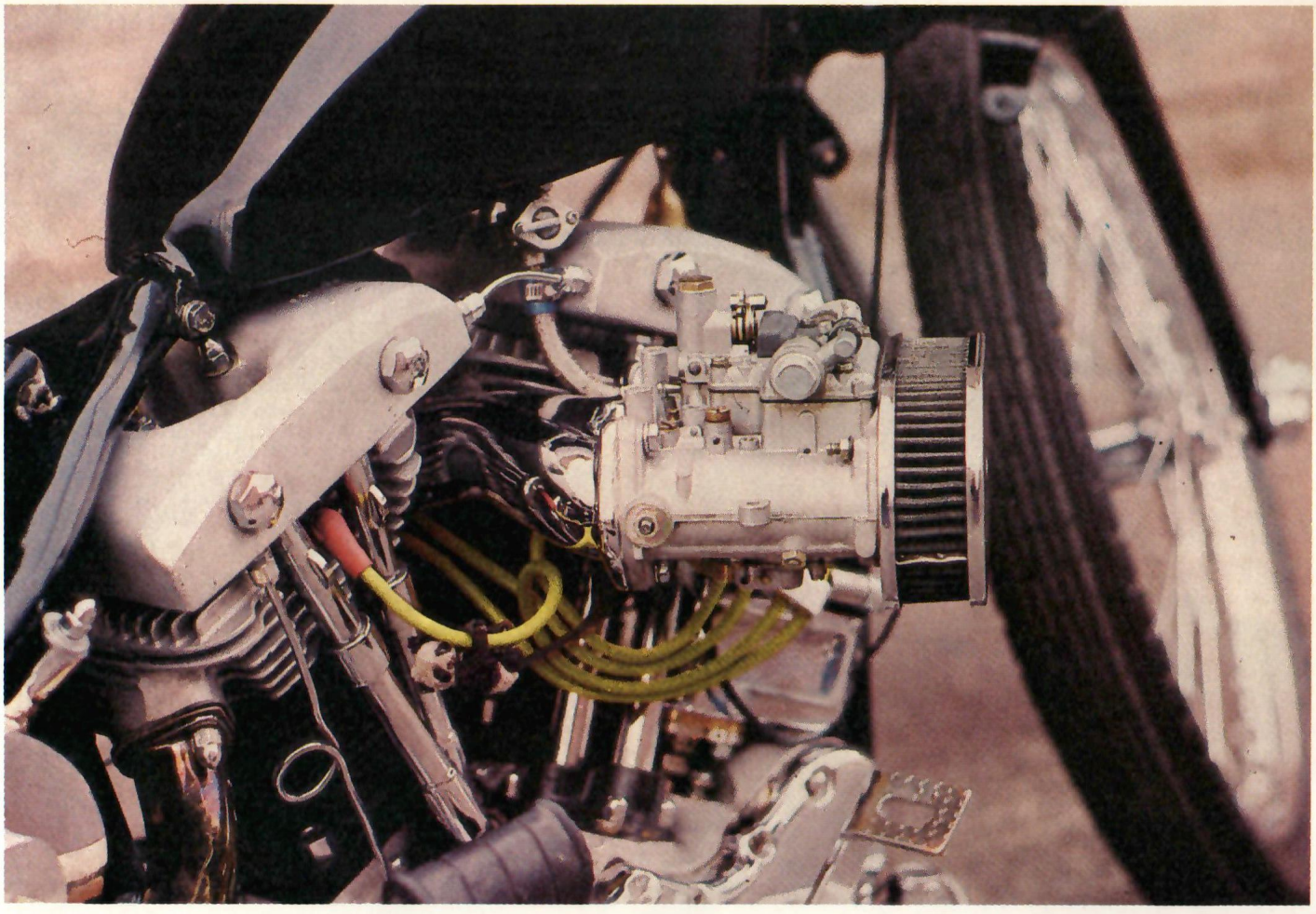


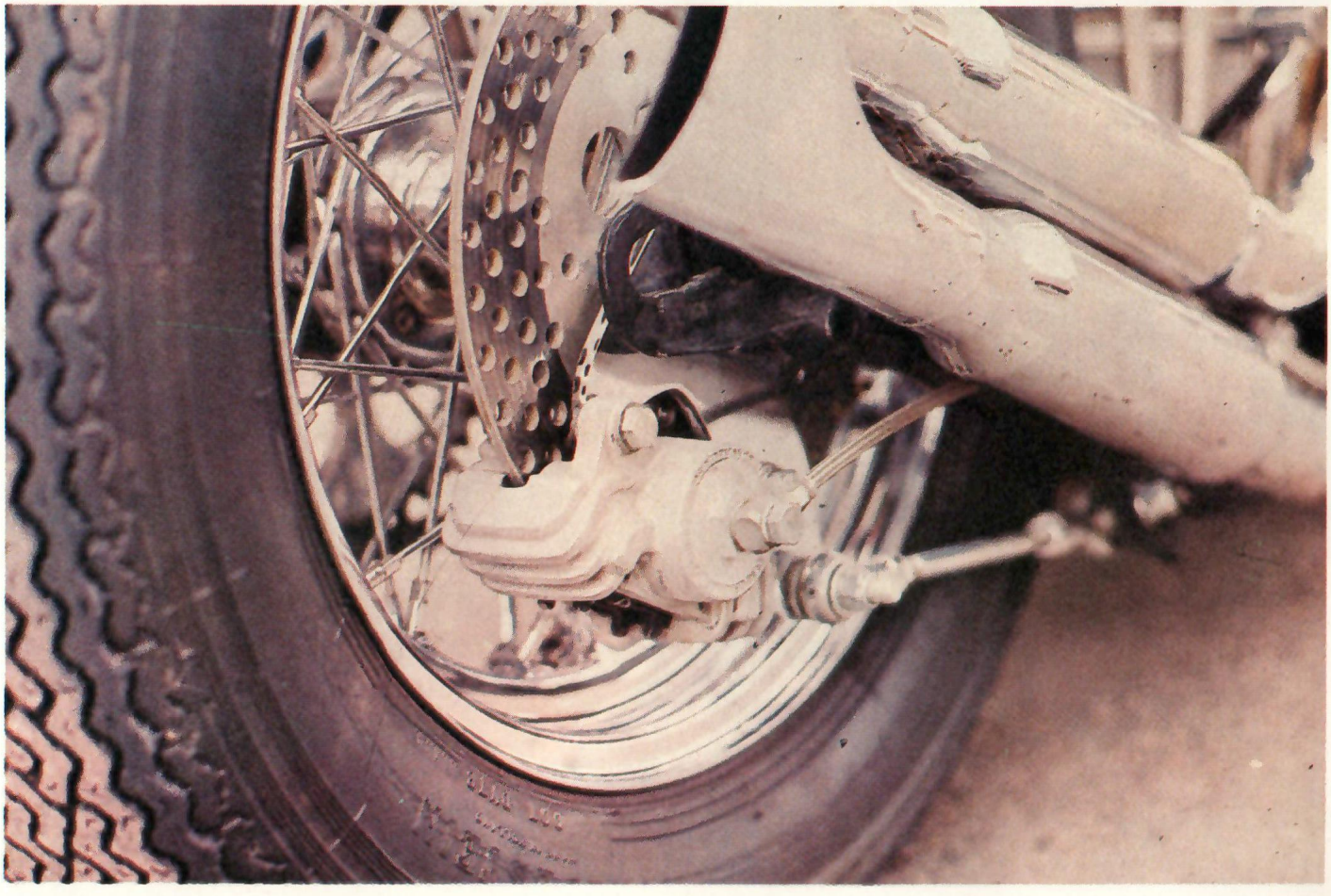


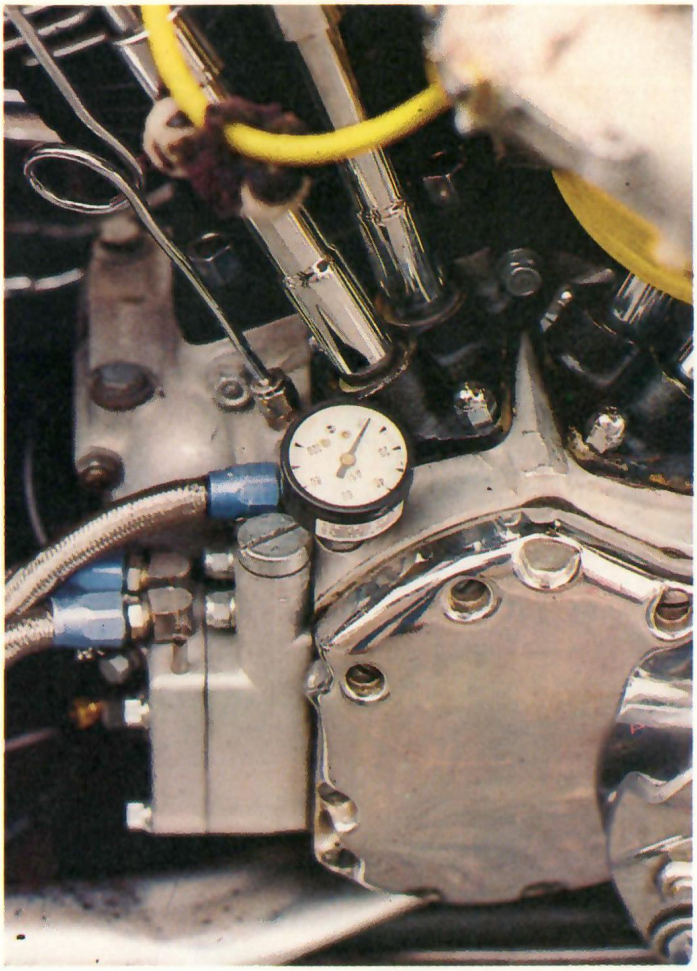


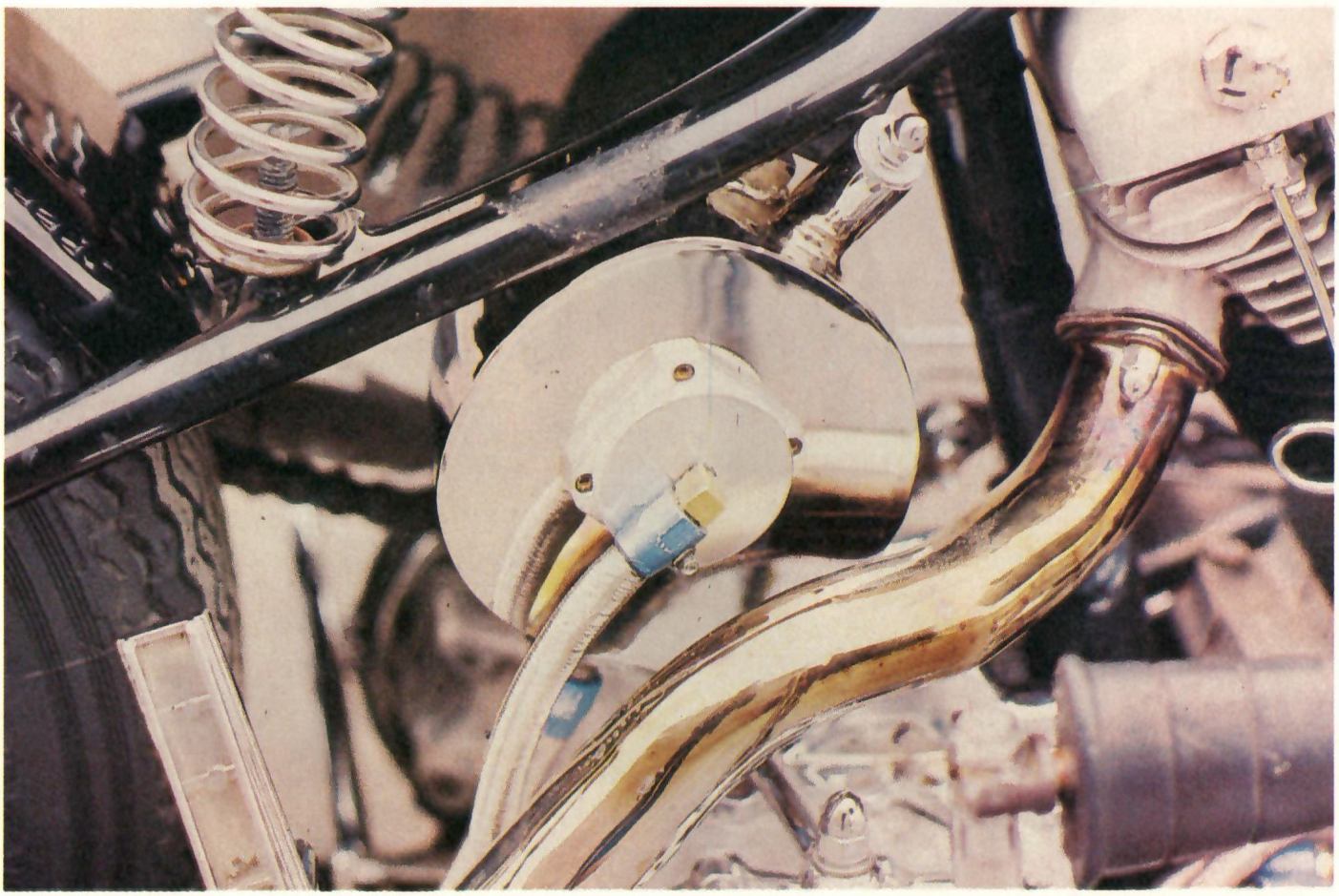












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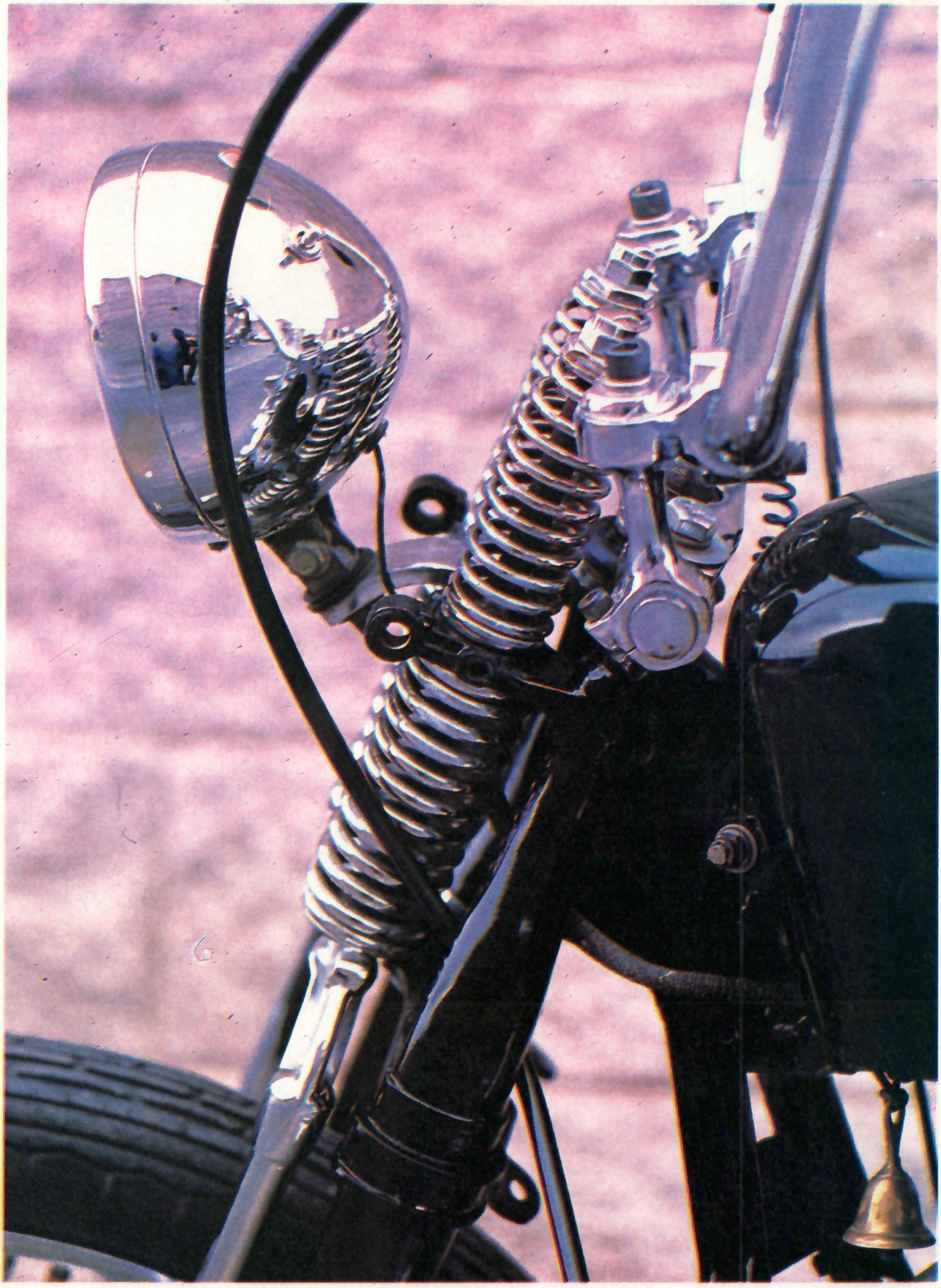


NEW ORLEANS TATTOO CONVENTION

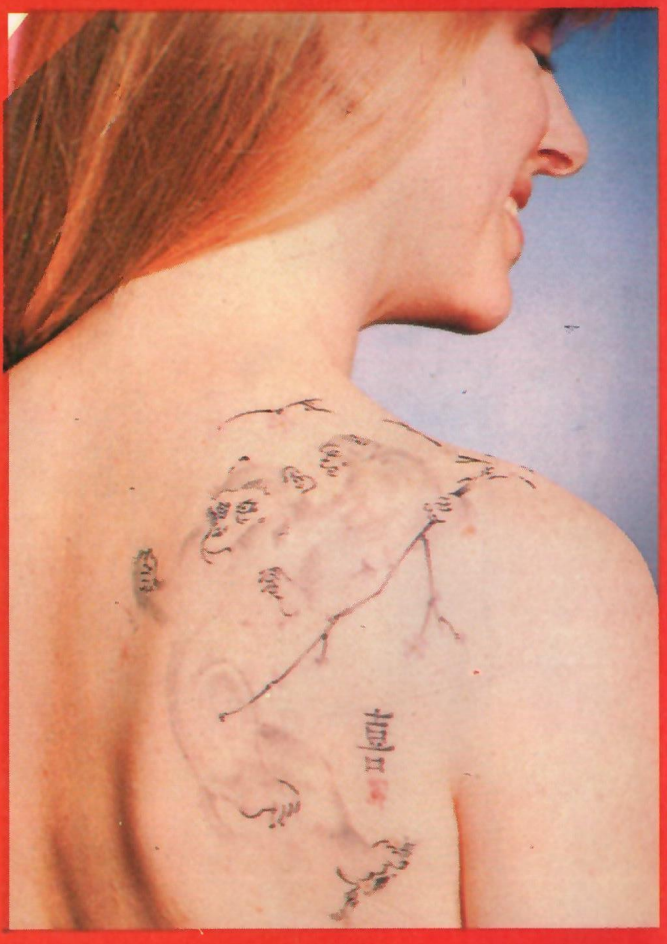
The Home Of The Mardi Gras Plays Host To A Wilder Party

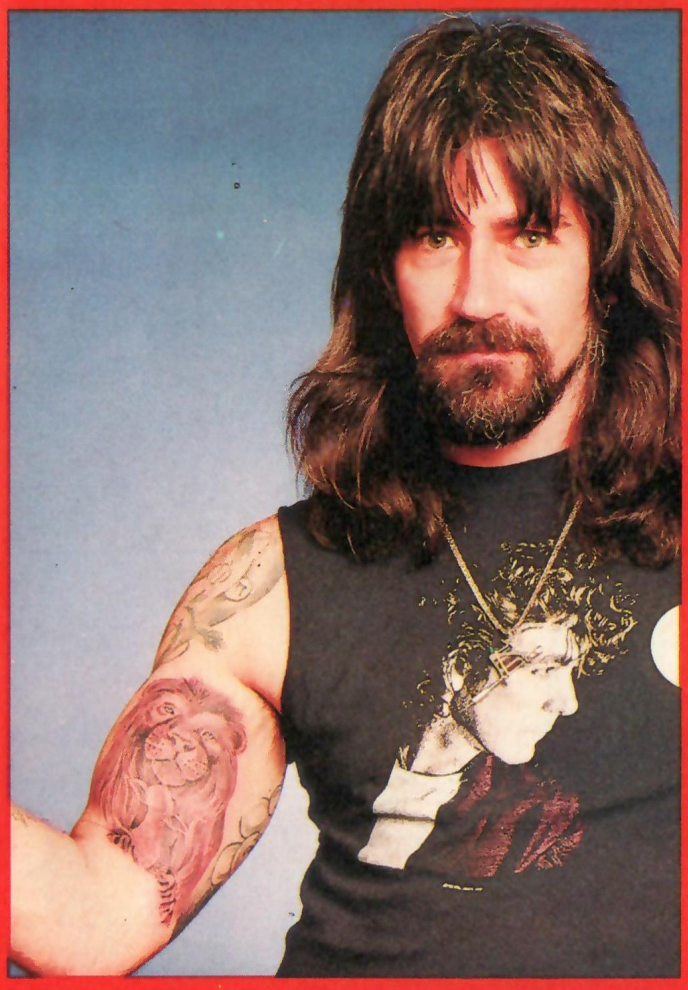
What better place for a tat convention than New Orleans, home of the world's most famous, way out carnival, the Mardi Gras? But instead of putting on some bizarre, glittery costume in order to show off, the illustrated People who made the convention took *off* what they had to reveal some high class skin art that makes all the flash and dazzle of the annual Bourbon Street bash pale in comparison. There was plenty of piercing and tat work in progress, but the real show, just like at a biker gathering, was checking out the folks in attendance, Brilliant colors of flashing

Words by Trukk

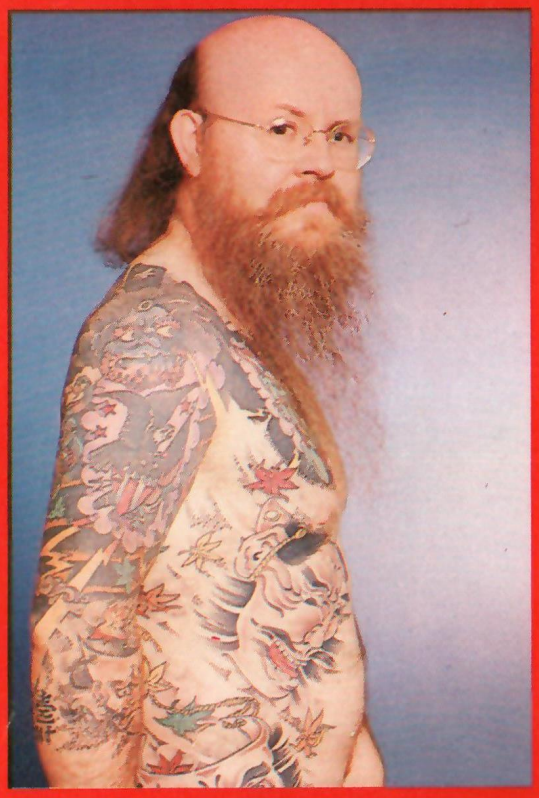
Photos by WW

Sue

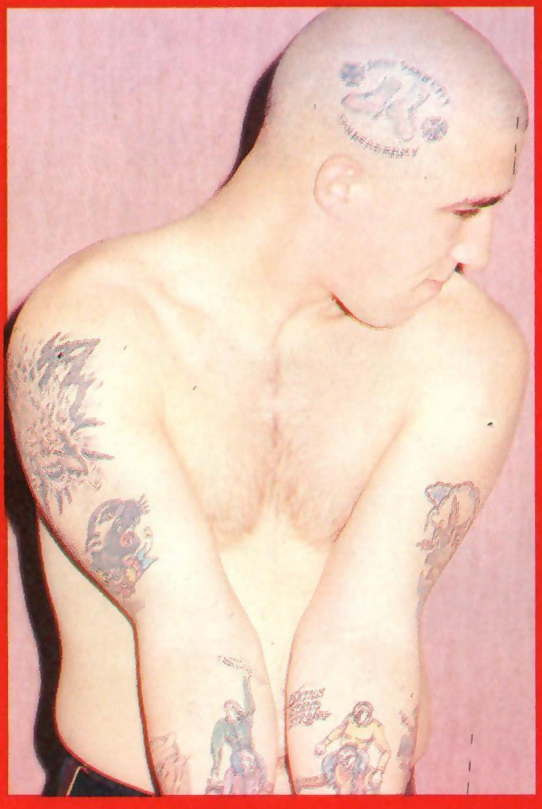


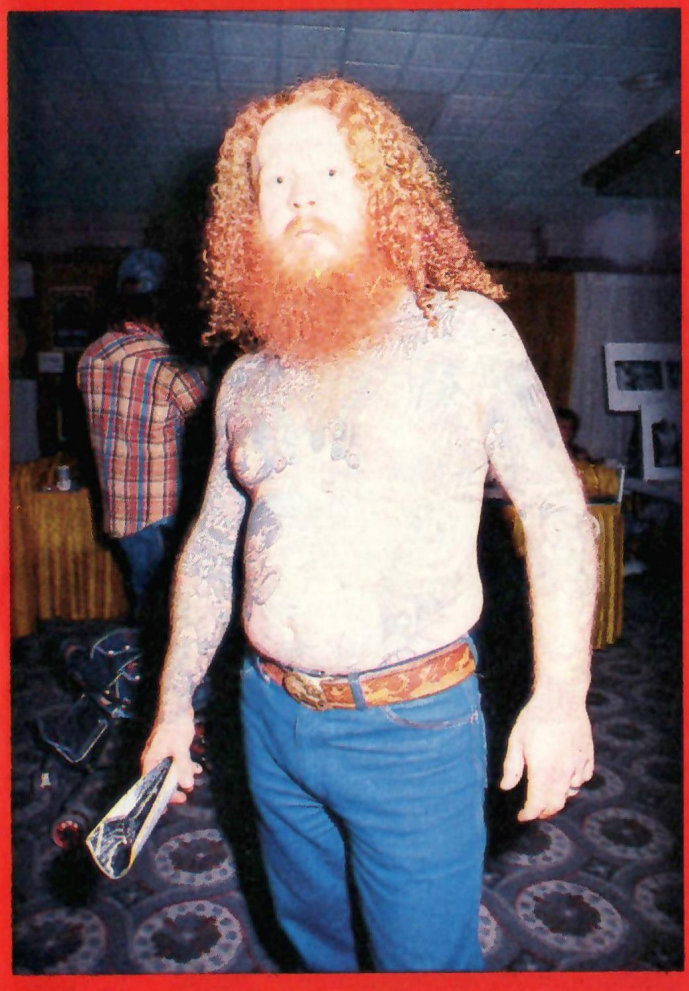


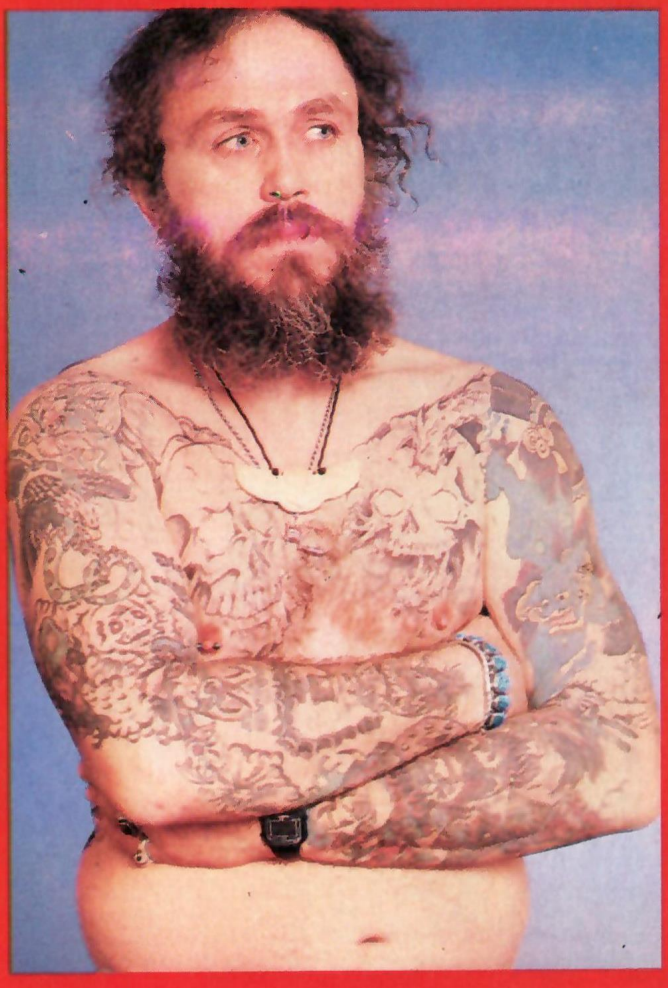
dragons, grinning skulls, intricately rendered tigers and screaming eagles, seemed to leap out at ya from every direction and from every conceivable body part. Tat people ain't necessarily bike people but they share a lot in common with bikers. Both groups are often hard for outsiders to take and both are often on

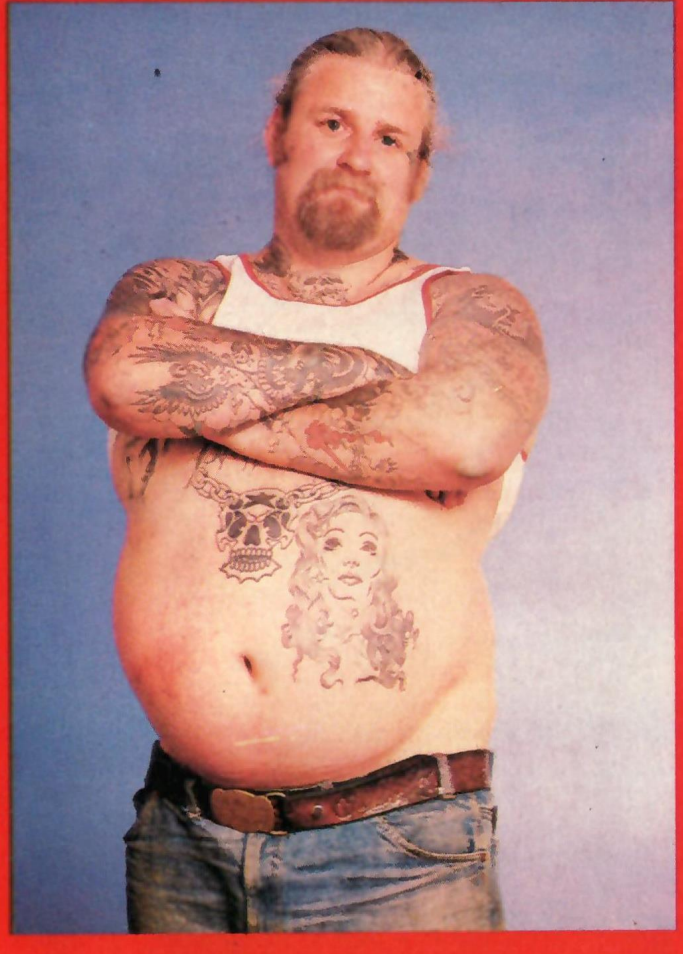


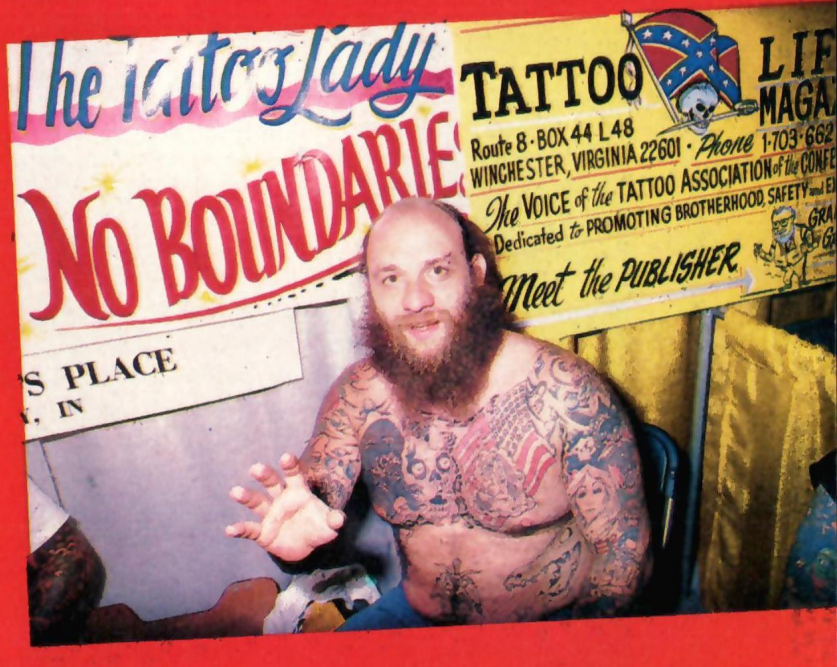
SKINS
STAND
STRONG







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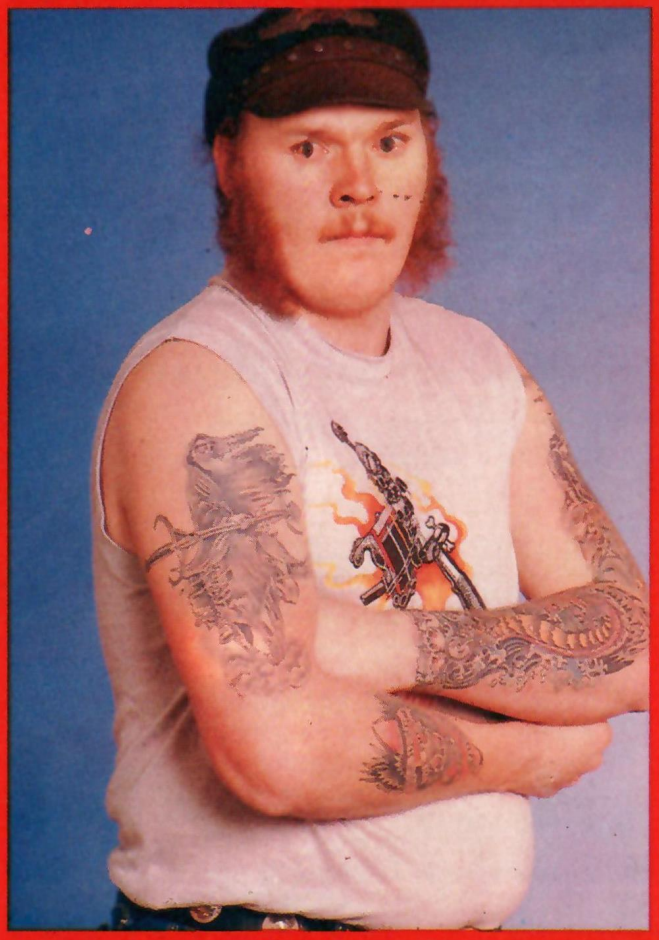
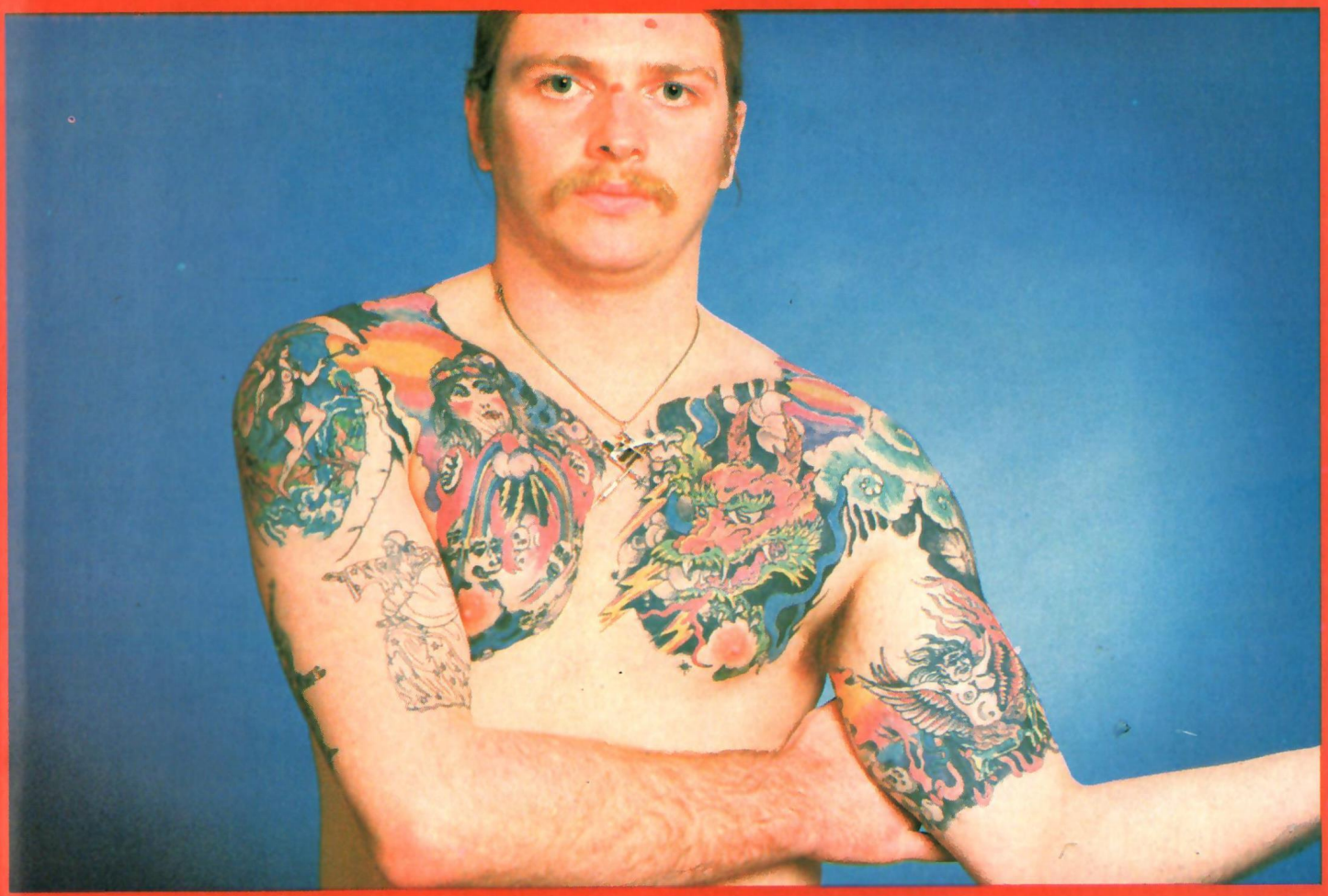
the receiving end of some unsolicited criticism for merely living the way they choose. But all that's fogotten when enough kindred spirits gather in one place, like New Orleans, where ya didn't fit in *unless* ya had a tat. □

SUNSHINE
Knucklehead
47FL74FC





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